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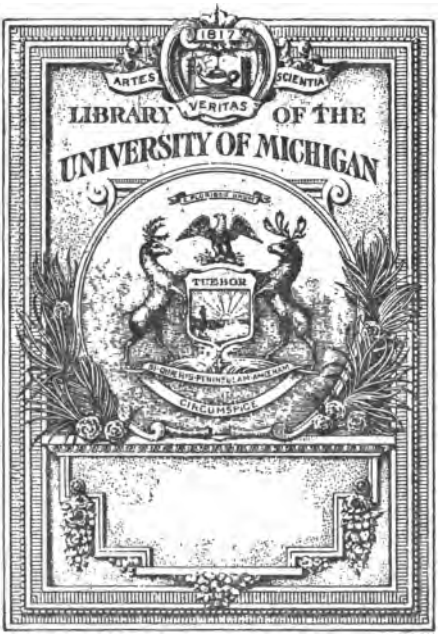
THE WORLD IN 1931



THE GIFT OF
Al Loring Clark, Jr.
(estate)

THE WORLD IN 1931

By

STEWART E. BRUCE

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DEDICATION

THIS BOOK IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

THE SEVERANCE CLUB

OF LOS ANGELES, IN APPRECIATION OF THE DEVOTION OF ITS MEMBERS TO THE CAUSE OF HUMAN PROGRESS

THE WORLD IN 1931

CHAPTER I

On account of indifferent health, my physician ordered me to take an extended sea voyage. This peremptory command caused me some moments of perplexment. Had this celebrated medical man more thought for his own relief than for mine? Was he bent on getting rid of a "chronic nuisance", one who could be relieved neither by the gentle art of cajolery nor by that now almost lost art of druggery?

My physician was what might be termed "popular". He was pre-eminently successful in that he always had a waiting list—one to be envied by those of his craft or more strictly speaking "profession". The daily aggregation in his waiting-room consisted largely of the most profitable of all patients and at the same time the most exacting and troublesome—the well ones; for it ever is that Fear and Fancy are the twin branches upon which the doctor's golden dollars grow.

Let this be as it may, my physician's fees were as large as his conscience would dictate and his conscience was most generous if not elastic. Of course, he rendered some service to society without compensation—"For charity", as he observed.

In a moment of callous indifference for the feelings and sensibilities of another, I ventured to ask the doctor how he could reconcile some of his high fees.

"That, my dear sir," he replied, "should be plain to any man of understanding. Smith is in poverty and I cut out his appendix for nothing. Morgan is rich and I remove the wart from the end of his nose and charge him a thousand or two. Thus, you see, I balance the scales between poverty and riches."

"But, Doctor," I rejoined, "how do you claim you performed a charitable act for Smith, when you compel Morgan to pay for both Smith and Morgan?"

The sudden entry of the doctor's wife in the adjoining room prevented an answer to my question. She evidently was in some distress and called out to know the location of a certain bottle of indigestion tablets. The doctor with alacrity left my presence, whether for the purpose of promptly serving his wife or of avoiding my question, I am today, after a lapse of more than ten years, still unable to venture even a guess.

"My dear," said the husband in subdued tones when he reached his wife's side, "when will you ever learn that drugs are not the proper treatment for indigestion? Have I not told you repeatedly in case of such an attack as this to drink a pint of hot water?" The wife disappeared as suddenly as she had entered and again I was face to face with my medical judge and executioner.

In my case drugs had failed; an operation, by no stretch of the imagination, was to be thought of; and it must be said, in addition, that my doctor did not need to perform unnecessary operations for the purpose of revenue. His abundant business removed that contingency.

As a last resort, a prolonged sea excursion was decided upon and that with as much indifference as though he had prescribed a dose of calomel at an expense to me of but a shilling.

Now, there is a certain "sacredness" about a doctor's order. No matter how often your physician renders edicts, and though religiously carried out fail of their purpose, you feel that to disobey at any time would be almost a sacrilege. The regard for the doctor, where there is regard, is almost religious. Indeed, it may be said that it is a form of religion—a species of worship. Like the purveyors of religion, he represents the mysterious—the unknown—the unprovable—and, to all intents and purposes, the infallible.

In the economy of things this all may serve a purpose and who would deny consolation to the weary pilgrim if he or she should find that consolation in the doctor—even to the personal neglect of minister or priest?

But I had now reached that stage, or that "plane" if you will, when my reverence for the doctor, as a doctor, was at a pretty low ebb. I had reached this condition of mind even in the face of the fact that medical science claimed, as one proof of its usefulness, that it has succeeded in lengthening Man's span of life; but in truth it has accomplished this only by denying and withholding from us nearly everything that makes life worth living.

In this attitude I do not wish to be misunderstood. I admit the doctor has at heart the best interests of his patient. I know that at all times he sincerely believes he can do as much for a

suffering mortal as any other doctor with whom he competes and, furthermore, I am convinced that he has and does and will continue to get up the coldest night of a cold winter and respond to a call even if he is certain in advance that he can do nothing for the sufferer; and that he will continue, God willing, to minister "charity" by making Morgan, the millionaire, pay the medical dues of Peter, the penniless.

So, through some ill conceit, I almost had lost faith in the power of my doctor, or of any other doctor, or any combination of doctors, to successfully minister either to my ills or to my idiosyncrasies.

But a suggested sea voyage was something new, had all the elements of an inspiration—a happy, scientific, medical thought or in my case, more strictly speaking,—an after-thought. At last the doctor had gotten down to practical business—something I could understand and grasp, take advantage of and, as the doctor knew, *could pay for.*

* * * * * * *

It might be well before advancing with this narrative to have a word to say regarding the significance of the phrase I just made use of—"could pay for".

I chanced to be one of those fortunates who could pay for a ninety days' sea sail—either for health or pleasure, or for both. That, no doubt, was one of the reasons why, in his rare judgment, my physician prescribed a sea voyage. Had I been less rich, in the exercise of his power of discrimination and in obedience to those laws

which govern differential diagnosis and treatment, he would have recommended sea salt baths at home—always provided I would be the happy possessor of a home and a bath.

The ability "to pay" for a thing or the inability "to pay" for a thing is like the difference between the North and South Poles—all the difference in the world. It is the difference between a salt bath at home and a dip in the far off ocean —between the public and private ward—between walking and riding—between being buried in a mausoleum ornate with marble angels and being consigned to a Potter's Field. Of course, those who take salt water baths at home never may be drowned in the ocean, and those who walk may become more healthy than those who ride but, nevertheless, we must admit that it is a case of the one *having* and the other *having not*—as I repeat, "all the difference in the world".

But, I had the means to take the ocean voyage. I belonged to the class who *had.* According to accepted belief prevailing at the time of which I write, society owed me a certain amount of dollars, which is to say—a certain amount of service to be paid at my demand and command. All the courts in the land, from the lowest to the highest if needs be, would confirm the legitimacy of my claims on society and would frown sternly on any contention to the contrary as being an assault on sacred rights.

My claim on society, therefore, was legitimate for the reason that it was legal. I had not robbed anyone. I played the business game according to accepted rules. I did not use marked cards

nor did I stack them; the most I could be accused of is that I did not "show my hand" either to my patrons or to my competitors.

The fact is, when I entered the world I arrived naked. I inherited nothing from my parents but their good name and example. I embarked in business and now at middle life, retired, I owe my fellow human beings nothing although during my lifetime, through their labor, I have been supplied bountifully with clothing, food and shelter.

But the public or society still remains my debtor to the extent of thousands—which all means that society will be at my beck and call for the rest of my natural life and will be compelled to serve my heirs after my death.

* * * * * * *

The year 1921 will remain ever indelibly stamped on my memory. It is ten long years since the April of that year when I set sail from California's golden shores in quest of health—but it now seems like a century. Indeed, if we measure in terms of change and progress no ten centuries in all the history of mankind have equaled these ten years.

Fortunate of all the human beings who ever trod the earth were those who witnessed the unfolding of the marvels of these years—but fate denied me even a glimpse of the panorama of events, marvelously lowered the curtain while the world stage was being set and, after a pause of ten years, raised it again revealing to my startled eyes a new world, the majesty and splendor of which was but the fitful dream of those seers whose hearts alone reflected the glory of the heavens.

Later on, in the proper place, I shall attempt to portray the conditions that obtained generally throughout the world during the year 1921. I deem this necessary for the benefit of the younger generation—particularly those in their earlier 'teens who may have but a faint recollection of those evil days and, therefore, may not fully appreciate the new age that ten years has ushered in. Even the older portion of humanity is prone to forget and soon begins to think that it has always been thus. A few weeks of warmth makes us forget the Arctic cold; the eternal day soon obliterates from the memory of the Northmen the eternal night. Pain suffered is soon forgotten in the realm of perfect health.

But for the present I will content myself with narrating two or three trivial incidents—incidents which in 1921 and previously at least were both common and deemed trivial, but which now in 1931 are considered a state of barbarism—barbarism now happily of the past.

* * * * * * *

I made all arrangements for my ocean voyage, selecting a slow going steamer destined for an Asiatic port. This formality having been disposed of, I took advantage of some spare moments to wander into one of Los Angeles' beautiful parks.

The day was typical of California—sunshine and singing birds—flowers everywhere in profusion outrivaling the rainbow in splendor— perfume in the air—green and gold encircled and arched by the blue heavens. Nature at its best and how good!

"Surely," said I in thought, "there is no place for unhappiness in this garden of Eden for is it not the land of the Husbandman? To his gentlest caress a hundredfold response is his reward. Today is the planting—tomorrow the reaping. The land of oil and wine and milk and honey. Nature's garden—a fairyland of fancy—God's most resplendent and fruitful gift to man. Surely, in this land there should be no place for weeping save for joy or friends departed."

I chanced to pass through an obscure portion of the park and there sat on a bench two people —a man and a woman. The woman appeared in great distress, although the deepest pain was portrayed on the countenance of her companion. I had a moment to observe them before they were conscious of my approach. On seeing me, the man removed his hand from that of the woman and suddenly sat erect. My path led within an arm's length and retreat for me was out of the question. In passing I could not resist an offer of sympathetic assistance even though such an offer might be spurned as an intrusion.

"You seem in great trouble or distress," I said. "Could I be of assistance?"

"Thank you," said the man sullenly; then with some degree of resignation: "Our trouble is great, but we can bear it. We have before and I suppose we will have to many times again."

"My friend, I think I understand—you have had bad news."

"Yes," he replied, "news of the death of my wife's father. But there are worse things to be endured than death!"

I managed to get his story. It was a tragedy, but one so common in the days of which I write that it received but passing notice even from those whose sympathies were what might be termed acute. Custom is a strange thing. It seems to deaden us alike to the sight of distress and the manifestations of happiness. The thunders of the Niagara oft repeated fall on deaf ears; and how few of us see the stars!

When you have heard this man's story, simple though it be, with but a slight variation you will have had but faintly portrayed the sad experience of millions in America and untold millions throughout the world—the innocent and helpless victims of an economic and industrial system which sentenced millions to Poverty and untold millions to the ever-present fear of that same hideous monster—a system which arrayed class against class and brother against brother. In those days of 1921, it seemed as though society were in the coils of a giant demon which was crushing out the lives of the multitude without mercy. And those who fortunately escaped on a yesterday were almost certain to be the victims of the day following.

In the few hundred years since so-called Christian civilization slowly emerged from barbarism, a terrible machine had been constructed by which skillful and cunning hands had succeeded in tying the multitude hand and foot, Gulliver-like, by seen and unseen strands, rendering the people in many instances as helpless as the conscript armies of olden times. Even those who forged this terrible economic and industrial machine and used it for their self-aggrandizement and power were not

immune from the enslaving forces that they themselves helped to create and perpetuate. It frequently occurred that the enslavers of one decade were the enslaved of the next.

Five years previous to the time of which I write this man and woman were married in an Eastern State. They decided to begin life in California. The husband obtained a position on arrival and soon he was beginning to "get ahead". All went well until the Government took him from his work and sent him to an army camp.

When the armistice was signed, he was permitted to return home, but found his position taken by another. After weeks of enforced idleness he obtained work on a railroad but, just as he was getting even with the world again, owing to the prevailing business depression he, with several thousand others, was laid off. The depression being general, work was impossible to find. The little money he had saved soon was exhausted. Although almost in want, they still were unbroken in spirit. The future was before them. Their friends in the East did not know of their financial straits, therefore their pride was not impaired.

Just as their position reached its worst phase they received a telegram stating that the wife's father was at the point of death and requesting her to come home without delay. What was to be done? Heretofore, they had been able to keep the secret of their poverty, but now it must be revealed.

They quickly decided to swallow their pride and wire their relatives for money to pay the wife's fare East. But the East also had a secret which

it had kept and which now had to be revealed. The answering telegram proved to be the direct cause of the outburst of grief that I have just described:

"Father died today. Impossible to send money. Boys out of work. Scarcely money sufficient for funeral. Mother."

* * * * * * *

Consulting my note-book, I find that this interview in the park took place more than ten long years ago—to be exact, on April 20, 1921. On that day six million able-bodied men in America were consigned to enforced idleness—each representing a separate and distinct tragedy—tragedies the remembrance of which today makes even strong men shudder and so-called statesmen of that day, who are yet living, blush for shame.

Society at that time could be represented best by comparing it to a great body of water, inhabited by human beings instead of fish. One species preyed on and destroyed the other. At times the waves would dash up on the shore momentarily and leave a number of the species on the burning sands to die for want of their native element. But at regular intervals of five to seven years the great body of the water would mysteriously recede and millions of mortals would be left stranded on the bare shore without subsistence—thousands dying before the waters would rise again to give them succor. This periodic phenomenon was known as "hard times".

The strangest part of these regular phenomena lay in the fact that when the waters receded, leaving thousands to die and millions to suffer on the

barren sandy shore, there was more water than at other periods; but it seemed to sink mysteriously into subterranean caverns where, until released by some mysterious power, the waters could not rise again and no relief could come. This was attributed by some to what was called "over-production". In other words, when water was plentiful more of the inhabitants of the ocean suffered from periodical thirst than when it was limited in volume. There were those also who contended that the only legitimate cause for thirst could be the shortage of water, but economists of those days made merry at such a foolish contention—claiming that as this condition had always existed it was foolish to think it ever could be remedied.

So, this man and woman were like fish out of water, lying helpless on the dry sands with no relief in sight until the waters of "prosperity" would again arise. Not only these two but millions of other human beings in America were as hopelessly stranded, kept alive only by the dews of charity and not by their native element, which element was everywhere in sight but not within reach. Thus we beheld the periodic spectacle of millions of human beings writhing helplessly on the dry sands of the shore of an ever-rising and ever-lowering economic sea.

The mysteries of this cruel and treacherous economic sea with its tides and subterranean forces we must needs examine later but, for the present, I ask my reader to remember the "incident" just described, namely, the unhappy condition of this unfortunate man and woman.

After hearing their sad story, I left the park in less buoyant spirits than when I entered. I made up my mind that nature at its best was no guaranty against either poverty or injustice.

* * * * * * *

On my way home I chanced to pass another park in which thousands of people were congregated. An orator was haranguing the crowd which proved to be one of California's popular institutions, namely, a state picnic. He proved to be the president of a Pasadena bank. He was smug, condescending, well-fed and well-groomed—looking every inch the Western or mid-Western prosperous banker type. It may be said that he represented that class of gentry which publicly and privately mixed religion with business and which on public occasions did the mixing with the butt end of an American flagpole. The resulting mixture when devoid of its coloring is usually like the Chinaman's stew of rabbit and elephant in equal parts—one rabbit to one elephant.

However, our banker dwelt on the glories of the American Constitution, our wonderful country in which every honest and industrious man and woman could be sure of the rewards which come from honesty and industry; and he took occasion to warn his hearers against false economic doctrines which were turning class against class, even brother against brother. He exclaimed with evidence of enthusiasm and sincerity: "The Lord has brought our paths into pleasant places and let us not slap Providence in the face by our dissatisfaction and unkind criticisms."

At the conclusion of his speech, the banker

stepped into his luxurious limousine and was whisked away to "another important appointment". That other appointment was a dinner party of twenty plates at an exclusive club, which dinner, no doubt, cost a poor man's ransom.

Surely, you will admit, this banker would be hard to please were he dissatisfied with conditions which brought his path into such pleasant places. A private room in an exclusive club—rare wines—food fit for the gods—beautiful, bejeweled women—men of your choosing—subservient waiters at your elbow—surely these are more pleasing to contemplate than the plight of the miner in a damp hole three thousand feet below daylight or that of the railroad hand, especially one out of work with a dependent wife and without even the prospect of a meal in sight.

So, in your mind's eye, look in on these two scenes which were typical under the old order of things. Such sights will even now bring to you both sorrow and gladness—sorrow for the victims of those evil days not so far distant in the past and gladness for the new day that has dawned.

Look in on the gay feasters in the luxurious room of the Pasadena Club; then turn your eyes to the little cottage in the outer fields of a great city—an almost foodless table, a grief-stricken woman and a brave, honest, industrious and God-fearing man standing with outstretched arms not for alms but for the opportunity to labor and produce so that he and those whom he loved better than his own life might be fed, clothed and sheltered.

Arriving home in the evening of the same day,

I found awaiting me a man whom I had not seen for years. I still retained a lively recollection of him.

Although aged considerably since I last saw him, his manner and spirit seemed more buoyantly youthful than in the olden days. His step expressed confidence, his eyes satisfaction and his raiment prosperity. Whether or not it was because I had known the barren and unsatisfactory past of this man I cannot tell, but his visibly changed condition, his very demeanor, had a somewhat depressing effect upon me. There was something about it that was unnatural, if not pathetic. Was it not a case of "new wine in old bottles"; the flush of evening after a leaden day when the sun bursts through the clouds for a moment just before sinking into the darkness of the night?

All the earmarks of the newly rich were present. A new limousine stood at the door. In it lazily sat a chauffeur in brand new uniform whose actions indicated that he knew instinctively his master was not to the "Manor born" and acted in accordance with that knowledge. Like the limousine and the chauffeur's uniform, our friend's raiment was new from boots to hat. It was unnecessary for this man to tell me he had struck it rich—but how rich and how were the questions uppermost in my mind.

After following more than a score of occupations and pursuits, each leaving him in penury but always where the rainbow just about reached the earth, my friend concluded to try a hand at the "oil game" in the hope that Dame Fortune, long after midnight and even well towards the

grey dawn, might deal him a hand that would at least go towards compensating him for some of his former ill luck. He ventured his all on a ninety days' option on ten acres of unproved oil land in Oklahoma.

If the truth ever could be known by the unbaring of the inner recesses of Jim Owens' heart, it would be found without the shadow of a doubt that this worthy never expected to find oil on this land, but what he really did plan on doing was to incorporate a company and sell a million shares of stock—par value one dollar—at the attractive bargain price of ten cents per share—largely on the strength of the fact that somewhere within a radius of twenty miles a wonderful gusher was night and day vomiting out for the benefit of its stockholders and humanity millions of gallons of precious fluid from the bowels of the earth.

But something happened that Jim Owens did not calculate on—which mysteriously dealt him the necessary cards required to make his "flush" and his fortune!

Unknown to Jim and everybody else in the neighborhood, the Standard Oil Company, in the name of a dummy, held the adjoining hundred acres. Just at this juncture they decided to put down a test well—and that fortunately within a few hundred yards of Jim Owens' holdings. Within thirty days the greatest gusher in the history of Oklahoma was struck and with it came Jim's fortune. The wonderful and exciting news spread over the state like wildfire and early the following morning Jim Owens had a caller. This gentleman proved to be an agent of the American Petroleum

Company, who came prepared to offer Jim three hundred thousand dollars in cash for his option. For once Jim Owens was wise. At last he had caught up with his rainbow—he took his pot of gold.

Thus had Jim reached his Land of Heart's Desire. He was now rich beyond the dreams of avarice. Not that Jim ever was or ever could be avaricious for avariciousness is an intensified condition of the mind—it requires certain well established mental traits to sustain—for vices as well as virtues require strong underlying support. If you are in search of vices or virtues do not seek for them in the mediocre for in the mediocre you will find low morals not vices—negation but not virtue.

Avarice is a flame, not a smudge. It glows. It is intense. It is born of combustible material. There was no combustible material in Jim Owens. He wished for riches but did not burn for them. He followed in the footsteps of Fortune but did not pursue her. Yet, when Dame Fortune dropped her favor from the clouds, it fell square into the lap of one of her most tardy and faithless followers.

Jim seized it as he would a stray wallet containing an equal sum; took it as a matter of good luck and appropriated it with no questions asked. The fact that he had not exactly stolen this money nor earned it did not enter the head of our fortunate friend for a moment.

"Mr. Owens," I said, "how does it feel to be rich?"

"Now there, none of that! To my old friends

I am still plain Jim Owens," he replied with warmth. "You know I never was proud and I don't think I will begin now at sixty. That don't mean that I will let 'em get familiar with me. People thinks more of you when they think you've always been used to things. That's what me and the missus both think, but it's hard to stand off from people you feel like being pleasant with. Take my driver. It's the hardest work for me to keep from gettin' too chummy with him—just as hard as it is to keep him in his place and keep him from gettin' too familiar with me.

"You see," he continued confidentially, "it all came so sudden. After we landed in Los Angeles about the first thing we did was to invest in an auto. Then we advertised for a driver. We picked our man out of about a hundred. When we were hirin' him, an old school teacher acquaintance of ours gave the missus a tip. She said it was best to call the driver by his given name and to be sure never to nickname him.

"We found that his first name was James. I tell you, it was terrible hard to call a perfect stranger, such a gentleman-acting man, by his first name! Well, we nerved ourselves up to it. But somehow or other I felt he knew we weren't used to handling a driver. Then, too, it worked out bad in a way that we hadn't calculated on. The missus called the driver 'James' and me 'Jim'. That I think made him feel that I was beneath him. It couldn't but help it.

"Then another thing made him more familiar —that is with me. You know I chew tobacco—have ever since I was nine years old. The third

day we had him I was sitting in the front seat trying my best not to talk to him so as not to give him a chance to get familiar, when to my surprise he asked me for a chew. I gave it to him. From then on he just acted like one of ourselves.

"You see chewin' is different from smokin'. If you give a man a cigar he feels under some obligations to you and if it is an extra good one you may go up in his estimation. But it's different with a chew of tobacco. It's more like eatin' with the same spoon, out of the same dish. It makes people chummy and familiar-like."

So a fly had already gotten into the golden ointment of Mr. and Mrs. James Owens.

"Well, Jim," I said, "if you are too modest to tell me how it feels to be rich, will you tell me how you have invested your money?"

Quick as a flash and to the accompaniment of a knowing chuckle he replied: "I didn't invest it in no oil stock." Jim, no doubt, concluded that oil was too slippery a foundation upon which to rest a hard-earned fortune. He continued:

"When we reached Los Angeles, I deposited the three hundred thousand dollars equally amongst three banks. I found I could get seven per cent on gilt-edged first mortgages on real estate. I now have all my money placed and my income from now on will be twenty-one thousand dollars a year. That, I think" (and again Jim chuckled) "will keep the wolf from the door."

During Jim's recital, Mrs. Owen was one continuous smile as she contemplated her worthy husband. The past with all its sadness, its long-

suffering, its thousands of disappointments, its blasted hopes, its broken promises and its barrenness, were now all forgotten in the glorious realization that "her man" had at last made good.

So society now owes Jim Owens a tidy amount for "services performed". Society will have to pay that worthy the sum of twenty-one thousand dollars per year for the rest of his natural life and an equal amount to his legal heirs after he passes to his reward. And the "service" that Jim performed for society was the very doubtful one of assisting in showing that self-same society the probable location of a reservoir of oil which the Almighty had made and stored in nature's vaults for the benefit of all His children.

This would have been all very well for Jim and his heirs, as in millions of similar instances for generations back, had it not been that in the year 1921, the people, individually and collectively, were beginning to question—more than that, they were beginning to think and think hard, all of which, unknown to Jim and his kind, criminal and otherwise, was paving the way for a new order of things, an order in which the sacred rights of property and profits would give way to the more sacred rights of justice and humanity.

CHAPTER II

"Coming events cast their shadows before" but the Fates withheld even a premonition of what was in store for me when, on that beautiful April morning in 1921, the great ship "Asia" cast anchor and set sail by a circuitous route for the Orient.

Most of the passengers, like myself, were in quest of health or pleasure and welcomed slow speed, devious detours and many stops. Furthermore, they were made up principally of the well-to-do, those who had both time and money to spend, but in most cases to all appearance more of the latter than the former, although appearances in that case, as time revealed, proved deceiving—but not deceiving to the few who saw clearly the ominous shadows of coming world events.

* * * * * * *

A great ocean liner is the world in miniature. Here are the children of the nations with national frontiers removed, mingling as one big family. The Orient and the Occident have met—East and West are one. The warm and the cold currents of life flow as the currents of the ocean. Side by side flow the warm streams from sunny natures, only to be met and checked by the icy flow from hearts long frozen in Arctic night.

For days these warm and cold waters like the Gulf Stream at first refuse to mix—flow side by side and yet apart. But if the voyage be sufficiently long, the miracle of the Gulf Stream is

re-enacted. The chill gives way to warmth and friendships bloom and blossom like the rose. Rapidly these icy waters are mysteriously turned to wine and soon we have the communion of spirits.

Friendships formed under these conditions are usually sincere for they spring spontaneously from the heart and from a common equality. Here the coin is taken at its face value and because it appears to have the true ring. Friendships here are not begun for an end, as on land, and for this reason will continue in all likelihood to the end—at least to the end of the journey and perhaps for life.

So, as the great ship speeds on into the eternal waste, these bonds of friendship are formed drawing souls closer together, not for reasons of interest, but of contact for the friendship of interest may be one of virtue or one of vice. Here we are natural and without prejudice—prejudice that evil thing that makes us hate because we know not and prevents us knowing because we ignorantly hate.

The one exception to this law of the sea was Mrs. J. Stanley Barnstable of Boston, wife of Mr. J. Stanley Barnstable, broker of that *cult*ural if not, exactly, classic city.

Mrs. Barnstable positively refused either to mix or melt. She was impervious alike to the increasing equatorial glow and warmth of the atmosphere and of individual neighborly overtures. The warmth irritated her and the overtures offended her æsthetic and exclusive nature. Mrs. Barnstable was a self-generating, self-regulating human refrigerator. She succeeded admirably in reversing the processes of nature in that with her

the freezing process began from within instead of from without and she was just as solidly frozen on the surface as at the heart. But withal it was an artificial frost. It was all the result of a delusion—a delusion firmly fixed and long practised, become, more or less, a second nature. That delusion, briefly, consisted in the conviction that to be "somebody" or to be thought "somebody" one must stand aside from the common herd, especially from a crowd.

With Mrs. Barnstable it was not a question of *being* "somebody" but of being *thought* "somebody"; a rare being, one in fact to be approached with caution and reverence but not to be examined too closely. She assumed this frosty air partly to keep the herd at *awe*-ful distance and partly to prevent too close inspection by those souls whose countenance she craved. She knew in her own self-frozen heart that she was an impostor, a base counterfeit, glittering paste instead of diamond, and it behooved her to keep the elect as well as the mob at a safe distance—thus cutting herself from all intimate human society. She was as completely isolated as the Arctic explorer—even worse off for the explorer has his dogs and Mrs. Barnstable "hated animals".

Thus this vain and pompous creature goes through life, attempting to hide her poverty of mind and estate by making it appear that she is rich in both, but always oblivious of the fact that her vanity and hypocrisy were patent even to little children, for it ever will hold true that natural habits, though ill in themselves, are never so odious as those we affect to assume.

One evening, during an impromptu concert, Mrs. Barnstable put in a lone appearance but not without at first critically scanning the crowd for a moment at the door before entering. Notwithstanding the fact that her step was noiseless and the seat which was to have the high honor of supporting for an hour so precious a load was but a short distance from the door and well to the rear, every person in the room, including the entertainer, turned instinctively. It is cited as a scientific fact that astronomers by their delicate instruments can detect the presence of a new planet, even though it is not visible to the eye of the most powerful telescope. Science, also, definitely and accurately makes known to the mariner the presence of an iceberg, even though it may be many miles away. Likewise, there seems to be implanted somewhere in our inner consciousness a power to feel the presence of great souls—as well as the presence of human icebergs. There are things that as yet defy human analysis—things of the spirit that are beyond weights and measures, retorts and telescopes.

When the music had ceased and conversation had become general, although somewhat subdued in the immediate vicinity of the great lady, Mrs. Barnstable was asked how she was enjoying the voyage. Before answering she took the complete measurement of her interrogator by a sweeping glance, first up, then down and again up and down, her lorgnette adjusted to a nicety and with artistic dexterity. It is, indeed, safe to say that no answer would have been forthcoming other than a withering stare had it not been that Mrs. Barn-

stable wished to unburden herself of a few things which she had on her mind and this was her opportunity.

"Madam," she said, "you have asked me a question and I have to answer you truthfully—I don't like anything about it. The management of the ship deceived us grossly. They announced that it would be a very select party that would take this trip and instead it is a vulgar mob. It is made up of tradesmen, traveling men and, I suppose by their appearance, a goodly share of gamblers and sports. Of course, I do not know a soul on board save one or two by sight. But I know my own kind when I see them. As I sat here this evening I was filled with utter disgust.

"Just look, for instance, at that blonde girl, the one with her elbow on the piano. Her father owns a stock yard in Boston and a chain of cheap meat stores. When I knew him first he didn't have a penny. Now I suppose he has money. He sent this girl to some ladies' college and they are now taking a trip around the world. The worst of it is that strangers, not knowing them, will think these people are somebody. Travelers are so easily deceived, which only shows how careful one must be.

"See that gentleman with whom she is talking. From the second day we were out they have been together constantly. He looks very much a gentleman. I would venture a good deal that he belongs to the diplomatic service. Yet even he can be deceived. I feel it my duty, if the opportunity presents itself, to enlighten him.

"My husband is still confined to his state-room

but I tell him he has missed nothing. We are here for his health—certainly not for my pleasure. My husband's business duties have been exacting and arduous, and I feel now that he is entitled to a short vacation. He certainly has earned one. Will have another chat with you later. Good night."

The lady who took part in this very one-sided conversation was of an inquiring and investigating mind—all in the "interest of science" as she would laughingly put it. Mrs. Barnstable had, unconsciously, given her food for thought and two subjects for investigation.

First of all she is going to find out something about the "gentleman in the diplomatic service"; then something more of Mr. J. Stanley Barnstable, broker of Boston or, to put it in the more up-to-date manner of our Christian Science friends, "in Boston". When you think of Boston you must think in Boston terms and Christian Science is very much "in" as well as "of" Boston; adding materially as it has to the *cult*-ural aspect of that celebrated old town.

My purpose, as you will see, is not to hold up to the public gaze those purely local institutions of which Boston is at the same time so sensitive and so proud; but rather those institutions which are more often credited to Boston—such an institution, for example, as Mrs. J. Stanley Barnstable, who really is of every town, city, village and hamlet in this wide domain. But to return to our amateur investigator.

By subterranean methods known only to the intuitive sex, some portion of the "past" of the

two fellow passengers in question was revealed. Contrary to the imaginative mind of Mrs. Barnstable, the diplomatic appearing gentleman was none other than a real estate agent from Providence, Rhode Island—in other words, an ordinary individual who was compelled to lie for a living at home instead of a distinguished diplomat compelled to lie for his country abroad.

The world encircling trip of this gentleman was made possible by reason of a recent profit on a real estate transaction in his native city. Please understand that I shall not, even for a moment, insinuate that this real estate agent was anything but an honest man or the aforesaid transaction anything but regular and lawful as judged by standards of 1921; but the fact I wish to convey and record here is the fact that this gentleman acquired the sum of $50,000 (a sum greater than a thousand day laborers could save in a year) and that all within the space of 30 days because he discovered that the City of Providence proposed to build a new library. He concluded there were only three available sites for that necessary institution and with due foresight and becoming energy proceeded to tie up by option the three available locations. As the library committee was compelled to choose one of the three, the only thing left for them to do was to pay the aforesaid real estate broker his $50,000 profit, issue $50,000 additional bonds bearing 6 per cent interest, thereby adding $50,000 to the bonded indebtedness of the city and $3,000 yearly to the city's tax roll, thereby furnishing our diplomatic looking gentleman an income of $3,000 per year for life and,

if he should be content to draw the interest only and let the principal stand, he would be in a position at the time of his death to hand over $50,000 in bonds to his heirs and the good taxpayers of Providence and their children and their children's children would pay to this gentleman and his children and their children for time beyond imagination the sum of $3,000 per year and still at the end of time be $50,000 in debt!

All this happened and was possible in 1921.

Please understand I am not insinuating that the aforesaid real estate man was less truthful or any less honorable than the doctor, the lawyer, the clergyman or the grocer of those days—resembling, as they all did to some extent, the highwayman with the possible exception of his bravery. The only real difference to be noted, for instance, between the clergyman and the real estate dealer was that the former was not supposed to falsify and did frequently falsify while the latter was supposed to falsify but very frequently told the truth. The minister was frequently a double falsifier. He falsified in both what he claimed and in what he denied, while the real estate dealer falsified only in what he claimed; and with the additional difference that the real estate man usually gave good title to his mansions on earth (otherwise he would have gone to jail) while the clergyman dispensed doubtful titles to mansions in the skies but was never brought to book for receiving money under false pretenses—owing, of course, to lack of the necessary witnesses who, from the very nature of things, would be impossible to produce, they contenting themselves in childishly

endeavoring to appease the wrath of high heaven by long prayers, canned modesty and padlocked virtue.

It is both charitable and fair to say that all these more or less well-meaning men (including the clergyman and to some extent that illegal robber, the highwayman,) were victims of an immoral and unrighteous social and economic system in which profits and prostitution went hand in hand—in which every man was for himself and "the devil take the hindmost"—in which Bethlehem's glare of hell with its myriads of hollow eyes, bent backs and shrunken frames were vomiting missiles for human destruction, supplanting Bethlehem's manger, the angels of Peace, Good Will and the Still Small Voice.

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You have yet to be introduced to Mr. J. Stanley Barnstable, the gentleman who was taking a well-earned holiday. Mr. Barnstable was not exactly what might be called a business man, unless by virtue of the fact that his business was to get the money; nor was he a professional man, unless we understand by the term one who has reduced some genteel employment to more or less of an exact science, at the same time remaining respectable and respected. This, Mr. Barnstable had succeeded in doing and that, too, for the whole period of his "professional" life. He had reduced the gentle art of gambling to a science, yet he remained respectable and respected. He played the stock market and he played "a system", all of which proved uniformly successful, making of him the successful gambler.

Each morning promptly at 10 o'clock, (except on Sundays when at that hour he would reverently lay out his silk hat, frock coat and patent leather shoes preparatory for church), this worthy gentleman would reach his little office in Milk Street, happily named, and ticker tape in hand would, until 3 P. M., carefully scan the market quotations direct from Wall Street. Telephone at hand he would from time to time through the course of the day issue orders to his broker to "buy" or "sell" in obedience to the dictates of his scientific system.

Mr. Barnstable bought and sold and sold and bought millions of shares of stock in the course of his Wall Street career and, if the truth were known, he scarcely would know a stock certificate from a cigar store coupon, for of the actual commodities or enterprises that he bought and sold. he saw neither hide nor hair.

In a very general way it might be well to outline his system. In fact, it will be possible to do this only in a rough fashion for the very simple reason that skill and finesse are impossible to describe or portray, as are those subtler senses which characterize the master hand and make him stand out and apart from the mere operator.

Barnstable was in some respects a rare animal —a combination of weasel, fox and leach. In perfect security and unobserved he fastened himself on the great arteries of production and in unison with thousands of others of his kind, great and small, silently sucked the blood and the life from the very vitals of the body politic—substituting the pallor of death for the rightful and roseate

hue of health. And one of the wickedest, as well as one of the meanest, of these gamblers was Barnstable, so proficient was he in the black art game of getting something for absolutely nothing.

And now for the "system".

There is a science in gambling just as there is a science in religion, in politics or in chemistry. Knowledge of a certain order is necessary for the gambler and back of this knowledge *nerve,* but back of all an important, indefinable something—that something, for instance, which the rabbit lacks and the fox possesses.

First of all, Barnstable had more than a fair knowledge of world conditions. He knew the business trend, whether up or down or simply marking time. He confined his operations to those stocks that were intimately interwoven and bound up with the machinery of national life—stocks which might be called the pulse of the nation and the barometers of business.

Frequently Barnstable was heard to say: "If I were traveling in the wilds of Africa and years away from home, if I wanted to know the condition of business in America at any particular time all the information I would need would be the latest quotation on United States steel. If around 120, I would know that business was good; if 75, look out for the breakers!" Most important thing of all with Mr. Barnstable was the trend of the market. This determined to a nicety, the rest was comparatively easy—that is, easy for that expert.

For example, after looking the whole situation over, he determined that the country was in for

a period of depression, diagnosing and prognosticating very much as does the successful physician. Carefully scrutinizing the stocks, he would eliminate those of a very fluctuating and speculative nature and would confine his selections to those weighty stocks that would surely follow the devious course of business in its downward flight, without jumping the track, yet which might respond temporarily, if but slightly, to artificial pressure, whether that pressure be to drive them up or to drive them down.

Having determined that business had reached its apex and was destined for a long trip downhill, he would lay his plans accordingly. United States Steel, for instance, was one of his favorites. When business was at its peak United States Steel hovered around 130. He decided it was destined for a trip down the mountain side to the accompaniment of general business depression—how far it would be difficult for him to say but that could be determined later. If conditions were bad it would travel comparatively fast—but whether fast or slow he knew the trend would be downward. He might even come to a mental conclusion, after thoughtful consideration, that before taking a permanent upgrade again it would drop to 80 or even 70, but such a definite forecast would be humanly impossible and Barnstable never played for "long pulls" although he might be convinced that business was in for a long pull. He knew that in falling from 130 to 80 (that is, 50 points) in reality the stock would travel up and down at least 500 points in order to reach the lower level for the reason that a stock never

travels in a straight line from its source to its low level goal. In its downward course, it would take as many sharp "*up* turns" as *down* turns, the only difference being that some of the downward dips would be proportionately longer than the upward ones and in the aggregate a lower level would thus be reached. In other words, he knew the trend (the all important thing) and took advantage of the temporary swings within the trend. Barnstable played each fluctuation, whether up or down, for a 1 to 3 point profit. He was neither "bull" nor a "bear" but an expert professional "trader". Knowledge, nerve and, for lack of a better word, "finesse," therefore, brought him uniform success—in other words, the money.

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It may be claimed that Barnstable was a gambler, living on gamblers, which primarily and to a superficial extent may be true. Yet he was a huge rat in the economic granary—sleek, well-fed and withal elusive. A rat though a member in the Episcopalian Church of long standing at whose home the Bishop put up while in town. A rat though the Curate found in him "a sincere friend and brother".

The Bishop and the Curate called one day at Mr. Barnstable's office to keep a downtown lunch appointment. These men of God never before had heard the music of a stock ticker. To say they were interested would be to put it mildly.

Mr. Barnstable took great pleasure in explaining all the details—how the quotations just printed represented transactions completed away off in New York but fifteen seconds ago and how, in as

many seconds, he could buy or sell any of these stocks at will. After these explanations were made, the Bishop placed an appreciative hand on Barnstable's shoulder. With considerable show of feeling he said:

"I sometimes envy you big business men, you men of affairs. You do such wonderful things—all so interesting, so fascinating and so entertaining. What wonders you perform as a result of your wise and beneficent ventures. Pardon the word *ventures*—plans is the better word. Such farseeing and enterprising men as you modestly and silently turn deserts into gardens, then scatter your bounties and gifts and employment. On every hand are the grateful evidences of your usefulness and benefactions."

To all this Mr. Barnstable smiled a sickly smile, which was taken by the Bishop for modest embarrassment. The conversation was adroitly brought to an end by the broker reminding his guests that the time for lunch had arrived.

It has been recorded heretofore that Mr. Barnstable was an Episcopalian. It is only proper to say that this gentleman was not altogether satisfied with his church affiliation, believing that he better could be served in an atmosphere and in surroundings more congenial. In fairness it must be stated that Mr. Barnstable had no fault to find with the Episcopal Church, its members, its Curate or its Bishop. Its members had treated him as one of themselves. Never in the pulpit or out of it had the Bishop or Curate said one word to embarrass Barnstable, to make him in any way uncomfortable or, in the remotest way to irritate

his sensibilities. "They are both good sports," he frequently was heard to say of them.

Had he left that church it would not have been in spite, anger or the desire to avoid something unpleasant. His position was very much different from that of Pat who, when urged to comply with some request of the church on threat of excommunication, continually failed to do as demanded.

"Pat," thundered the priest, "I ask you for the last time what are you doing to do about it? Are you going to do as I ask?"

"I will join the Methodists and go to hell first!" was Pat's emphatic and timely answer.

Transfer of membership in Protestant churches is not a very serious affair. Membership may be continued long after a member becomes restless or unruly, but how different in the Catholic church —that stern and unbending mother who refuses her love unless in return for obedience; and then takes prince and pauper alike, side by side, into her great protecting arms!

Amongst the Protestant churches competition was keen and as none of them had a monopoly, like the Catholics, they could not be very discriminating, therefore their particular adherents could be correspondingly independent. But it was not independence Barnstable sought in his church relations—it was opportunity. He wanted something tangible of the life that is as well as of the life to come.

"All things being equal," he frequently remarked: "If you are going to take stock in a thing—why not in a revenue producer?"

The Episcopalian Church had not as yet made

a specialty of promoting business. In fact, just what the particular functions of that church were, no one seemed to know—at least no one could ever find out by observation though they might possibly be revealed by careful search and inquiry.

Mrs. Barnstable may possibly throw some light on the subject. The Episcopal Church suited Mrs. Barnstable in every particular. Here she found an atmosphere to her liking, a congenial repose for her soul. We have already had a hint of the kind of atmosphere that exactly suited Mrs. Barnstable, which may be the key that opens the vault that holds this great secret.

Now, Mr. Barnstable had a hankering, if not abiding notion, that there was "something in Christian Science." His mind was rather hazy on the subject. He saw it not "through a glass darkly", but rather through a brilliant mist in which nothing could be discerned in accurate detail. But the general effect was pleasing, enticing and alluring. He felt toward Christian Science what many feel toward fortune telling. We may not believe in it, even make sport of it openly, but we spend our good dollars on it and are pleased or disturbed at what it reveals—the best proof that we think there may be something in it.

Mr. Barnstable could not keep his growing convictions from his wife any longer. He knew there would be an explosion, but tell her he must and bravely take the consequences.

"Why, Stanley," exclaimed the outraged wife. "I am amazed! Are you really going insane? Why must you humiliate me in this manner? What-

ever will our friends think and say—the Potters, the Sturdivents and the Wilbertons? Have we a friend worth knowing who is not in our church? Why they will cut us dead! You know as well as you know anything that whatever standing we have in Boston society is due to our connection with the church. I say to you frankly, if you withdraw now you will go your way alone!

Fortunately for Barnstable this last remark suggested a very happy way out.

"My dear," he said, "we compromise: you stick to the Episcopalian Church for society and I will join the Science Church for business."

This plan appealed instantly to Mrs. Barnstable. She immediately saw its advantages for could she not pose as a martyr to Episcopalianism, with all its attendant fruits, yet secretly share her husband's business aspirations in which she had great confidence?

It must not be inferred that while Barnstable approached the Christian Science Church for purely business reasons all of its adherents were attracted for that purpose. Many are attracted for the reason that it is a "beautiful religion" —but we must remember "beauty is only skin deep." It may be true that religion has something to do with morals and beauty something to do with religion; even so it is not a question of how beautiful a religion may be but rather how true it is—not really how much truth it claims, but rather how much truth it illiberally denies.

We must give Barnstable credit for not going into the church for the purpose of making money out of its members as some have done. He had

no stock for sale. His reason was a business one, nevertheless. He felt that he was in need of "treatment" not for his health, for that on a whole was good, but for his business. He frequently had consulted a practitioner for that purpose with apparently excellent and encouraging results. It may be said that recruits came largely through these practitioners as they proved the personal connecting links between the church and the great outside world. The services in the church could be dignified, ethical, austere and impersonal, thus adding to its impressiveness; but the services of the practitioners, at their offices, could be eminently personal and of the heart-to-heart variety.

Barnstable's interest in the church came through his practitioner. He felt that she was sincere and had something that he could make use of permanently and constantly. He knew other "brokers" who were having good results from their "treatments". In fact many of these practitioners, particularly in the larger cities, derived their principal revenue from "Wall Street" sources. Not only this but the daily organ of the church devoted the more important part of its space to the world's greatest and cruellest gambling institution—Wall Street. He was a very unappreciative and not a very up-to-date broker who hadn't a copy of the Christian Science Monitor in his public files.

It will be interesting to know wherein lay the efficacy of these "treatments" and upon what foundation, spiritual or otherwise, they rested. First of all in arriving at a conclusion we must

have a starting point. We must ask if this thing be of God or of the devil or simply of men apart from God or the devil.

If a sufferer from malaria who lives in a swamp goes to an honest physician to be cured, the physician will tell him first of all to get out of the swamp. If a Wall Street broker or any other gambler or gambling-house keeper goes to a practitioner for a business treatment (which they frequently do) that practitioner if she be honest will tell that person to get out of their evil business. If she does not (and we have no evidence that they do) in spite of which the treatment brings good results, it certainly is not of God and therefore it must be of the devil or merely happened by accident. Which horn of the dilemma is the practitioner going to take? Is she going to admit that she is an agent of the devil and engaged in promoting bad business or is she going to own up to the charge that what happened *would have happened any way?*

But we must, to a degree, record here the attitude of the church in relation to worldly affairs —so to emphasize the contrast between 1921 and 1931, for it is only in this way that we may understand and realize how little assistance the church gave in the struggle for social and economic justice.

The churches, with the exception of Christian Science, did not preach particularly "special providences" in business. They were firm believers in hard work, the early bird and the survival of the fittest. As to the fate of the unfit, the late bird and the worm, they had no concern. The

churches were controlled by great and small capitalists and property owners and those ministers who preached against either the sacred rights of capital or of property might well consider their divine mission at an end.

The Christian Science leaders, on the contrary, took a slightly different course. They preached abundance for their adherents, not only in the life to come but here on earth. Their Heavenly Father being rich, they had only to lay claim to these riches. As evidence of the manifest truth and its practical application on earth they pointed to the wealth, opulence and prosperity of the members of their congregation. And they were in the main far removed from poverty. They were, it seemed, possessed with a superabundance of this world's goods. The limousines surrounding their places of worship—the swish of silks—the flashing of diamonds—the delicate and expensive perfumes! All might mislead one into thinking he were entering the Grand Opera House on a special occasion instead of a Church dedicated to the meek and lowly Christ.

Although intoxicated by the perfume—although bewildered by the labyrinth of silken mesh and slyly peeking lingerie reclining gracefully on a background of exquisitely blended alabaster and pink—although dazzled by jewels glittering on a thousand fingers, radiating from throats and breasts which rise and fall gracefully in response to saintly impulses or glinting like sparkling bubbles from youthful heads of fairy flax or raven tresses or from those wonderful creations of the hairdresser's art in Titian hue or spun gold on

heads of dames of sixty, masquerading as damsels of thirty—the stranger within these pearly gates would be impressed with the studied fairness and impartiality with which the absent Christ is put on an equality with their ever-present idol—Mrs. Eddy.

It is not my purpose to indulge in controversial and theoretical questions of faith and future as expounded by the churches of 1921 with which this narrative has nothing to do but only with those phases, notably in Christian Science, which pertain to man and his relation to material things of this life, of which we shall have some concern.

In so far as Christian Science generally goes (particularly as regards claims of healing) I shall pass over lightly with the only comment that these claims are based on Scripture but absurdly carried out to a point at variance with common sense and human experience. They forget that "Man's extremity is God's opportunity," and we have no tangible evidence that God goes out of his way to reward the lazy or put a premium on ignorance.

For example, sanitary science shows that malaria sufferers are cured either by draining the marshy ground on which they live or by their removal from it. Yet Christian Science ignores this and substitutes a formula of its own—a substitute for labor and self help; ignoring the fact that labor is the very corner stone of good health. Exercise to the human body is what use is to a machine, without which the one degenerates into disease, the other into rust. Nine-tenths of the diseases of the human body start in those tissues

and organs that are little used—in the lazy organs. Christian Science puts a premium on laziness by pretending to nullify its penalty.

I also shall pass over that ostentatious promenade of wealth which characterizes this Church and which is ignorantly and boastfully put forward (and by some accepted) as undeniable evidence of Heavenly favor. To me, this very thing is an outward evidence of spiritual ill-health. The richness of their apparel, the contrast of their costly folly with those meagerly clad creatures of the slums, would appear to put God to shame.

It is indeed sad if not disgraceful that a Church should put forward, as an evidence of its divine origin and favor, its worldly wealth and that surrounded by poverty and want on every hand. So long as there is nakedness, the very splendor and luxury of which Christian Science boasts is a crime. It is a crime to spend months of labor on a jewel when the same time and energy would have covered the nakedness of many. It is of little avail to tell us that by spending their money on diamonds and luxury they create a larger opportunity for labor. So does the gopher that destroys the farmer's crops. It provides extra work but not profitable work, for it takes labor that could be employed to better advantage in other departments of usefulness.

After all, the Christian Scientists may be wise in their generation because fine raiment and fine equipages are constantly under human eyes and constantly influence human senses. The masses of people usually are judges of these because they show on the surface; but they are not always

judges of deeper learning and morals, the things that are unseen.

This being true, milady who wears so much finery in the face of so much nakedness is not unlike that daughter of Eve who said: "The sense of being well dressed gives me a feeling of inward tranquility which religion is powerless to bestow."

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Barnstable, like thousands of others, was attracted to Christian Science for reasons of "supply". He had become acquainted with instances, in the cases of others, of "beautiful demonstrations" in relation to business; in fact, he was quite convinced that Science had been a silent factor in his latest successes. To put this in his own words, "there is something uncanny in how the market has come my way since I took up Science."

Healing, contrary to the prevailing notion, comprises but a small part of the business activities of the Christian Science Church. Their field is "mind, body and estate". They talk very much of "mind" but, if observations be not misleading, their chief concern is "body and estate".

Now those whose chief thought and delight is the adornment of the mind usually are those who have the least thought of the adornment of the body. The advancement from savagery to civilization (at least from the lower forms of the one to the higher forms of the other) is marked by a diminution of ornamentation of the body and of vain show. But savagery has blazed out again in this modern church. To the scientific eye, it is but a short step from the Hottentot lady with glittering neck pieces, rings in her nose and war

paint to my lady of the celebrated Ninety-sixth Street Church, New York, with her flashing diamonds, her gilded trappings and her painted face.

The real woman, whose mind is in tune with the Infinite is she whose chaste and encircling ornament is virtue, whose rubies are those lips that have never given a Judas kiss, whose pearls are the teeth that stand sentinel over falsehood and slander, whose diamonds are eyes that flash the varied lights of the windows of the soul, whose perfume is the fragrance wafted from the garden of a heart where the flowers of charity bloom and blossom to the accompaniment of heavenly music and angels' whispers.

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There were those who sincerely believed that Christian Science if applied generally to the affairs of men afforded a solution for the material problems of this life as well as a basis for claims on the life to come; that through it a righteous economic system might be formed, based on the spiritual, which would in time promote industrial and economic justice everywhere.

Poverty, they held, was a disease if not a crime —and they had the remedy. On this thesis much of their structure rested, all of which held out hope, in fact the only hope in so far as the churches were concerned. If that hope were extinguished, if religion did not contain the solution, then to whom should the victims of oppression and injustice look?

But in Christian Science these hopes proved vain.

The reason for this failure (aside from its

spiritual aspect) lay in the fact that Christian Science dealt solely with distribution instead of with production. If "treatments" or other stimulating, comforting and encouraging efforts brought results to the individual—if his "supply" was in this way increased for whatever reason, whether spiritual or material, we would not find that a corresponding increase in production had resulted and whatever benefit the individual might have had was at the expense of somebody else or of the community in general.

No matter what fantastic "results" may be claimed in regard to spiritual healing, these claims even if untrue would be difficult to disprove. Although we might have every reason to suspect the unrighteous nature of the claim, we would be as helpless to disprove it to a demonstration as we would be to deny the claim of a quack that his pill had brought help to an afflicted one. This is true for the reason that the majority of people get well anyway, with or without treatment. For this reason, the quack and the Christian Scientist alike always will be on safe ground. We never will know, never can know, definitely to the contrary, if their claims are true or untrue. The same thing also applies to the treatments Science gives to business, especially the particular classes of business that come within their active sphere.

But the real test should come when Christian Science enters the field of the real basis of wealth—Production. As has been stated, their activities have been confined to distribution—in other words, to those who live off Production, not

distributors as a class but individuals of that class. They might show, for instance, that by the working out of some supernatural formula, Science has increased the prosperity of the individual (although this might be difficult to prove or disprove) but would it be possible for them to show the farmer how to grow a better field of corn than his non-Science neighbor, all conditions being equal, unless by reason of extra work and greater attention? The perplexed Brockton shoe manufacturer might be deluded that their system of treatment had done wonders for him but how would it act with any one of the thousand workers operating his machines, they themselves being machines, living at just enough to keep soul and body together? Could they add any more revolutions to these machines or anything to their productivity? Even if they did succeed in doing this, could they add anything to the stature of the whole business that would not eventually go into the pocket of some one else?—for instance, of the class of which frequents the Christian Science Church, the class known as non-producers?

It is quite true that through the advice of a Practitioner a worker might be induced to give up his mill job for something easier and more remunerative. For example, he might be induced to change from worker to broker, thus converting the honey bee of the hive into a beautiful drone; but in so doing he would have reduced Production (the real basis of wealth) by taking away one man's labor and we would have one more parasite added to that class which lives off Production, the distributors.

Christian Science, therefore, does not furnish a moral philosophy which extends down to the foundation of poverty and unjust inequality but contents itself with catering to and being supported by that class which "lives in the cream," whose continued fatness and well-being depend so much upon the perpetuation of a System that makes certain the hovel and the castle, the rich and the poor, the master and the slave.

CHAPTER III

How kind is Destiny—and as just as it is kind! It veils the future, holding behind an impenetrable shadow the doom and the reward of high and low alike.

As our ship sped onward how few of us saw even the shadow, drawn curtain-like across our path, much less the Hand that never falters as it beckons Humanity on toward that which God appoints or Fates decree when the supreme die is cast.

Those who looked into the future (with but few exceptions) saw only the past in which the black shadows of a wrecked and ruined world spread themselves out before us. But the past no longer had power to speak for the present or the future. It was inarticulate, dead; could no longer point the way.

Strange is Man—never of the present; always of the past and future but mostly of the past. With him it is what *has been,* not that all important thing *what is now,* much less *what will be;* not how rich he is *today* but how rich he will be *tomorrow* or (with a vain regret) how rich he was yesterday. When old age shall become as wise as little children we will, like little children, value and enjoy the present, forget the dead and buried past, live happily for a certain today and a possible tomorrow. This is the evil of great fortunes—they are created by their owners not for today but for tomorrow, carrying forward into the future those things which were intended

for the present necessity and full enjoyment of mankind.

On the day that was just dawning, the world lay pale and prostrate, writhing in those agonies that mysterious Nature has ordained as a penalty for transgressions of her laws, agonies increasing in terribleness as we ascend the scale of civilization. Even then the mother world was undergoing the pangs of a new birth in which the mother might pass away and the offspring alone live, or both might live, or both might pass away. How long the anguish might continue, no one knew. It might be months or years. Or it might end before we reached the other side of the ocean.

There were those who, for their own selfish reasons, desired that the mother might live and that the offspring might die; and there were those who awaited only the coming of a new child who would inherit the earth in the name of all the children of men. But while the patient suffered and world doctors contended, how few of the millions of mortals who awaited the result really appreciated the meaning of the convulsion!

Barnstable had little comprehension of what the outcome would mean to his Wall Street system; nor did Mrs. Barnstable have the remotest thought of what it would mean to her pink teas and to her exclusive church functions.

The Flapper with her short skirts and bobbed hair flirted on as gayly and obliviously as though the income from her uncle's estate would go on forever.

The "diplomatic looking" real estate man continued to flirt with the blonde, secure in the

thought of his $50,000 in bonds and his $3,000 a year for life.

Jim Owens, sprawled out lazily in a hotel easy chair back in Southern California, still had his faith in first mortgage bonds unshaken.

The Christian Science Church, from its temple of burnished gold and polished marble, reported "All's well with the world;"—while the lowly stoker down in the big ship's hold, drenched in slime and steam, glistening like a gladiator in deadly combat in the blaze of hell's mouth, had not the time in which to contemplate the prospect.

* * * * * * *

But one man moved silently amongst us who had a care. He was neither young nor old—perhaps on the maturer side of forty, yet at times and in certain moods he looked a boy of twenty. For several days out he communicated with no one, but all were aware of his presence. Men and women alike instinctively turned and followed him with their eyes as he came and went.

> "With grave
> Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed
> A pillar of state; deep on his front engraven
> Deliberation set, and public care;
> And princely counselor in his face yet shone
> Majestic, though in ruin. Sage he stood,
> With Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear
> The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
> Brought audience and attention still as night
> Or summer's noontide air."

There was more of power and dignity than of happiness in his face, yet at times when the black-

ness of a mental storm had passed his face was as serenely beautiful as a starlit sky. Beautiful in serenity, beautiful in expression, beautiful in tranquility and beautiful in manly dignity.

Paul David was an Australian by birth; a writer and thinker by occupation. His father was an Englishman; his mother a famous Irish beauty, which accounted for the rare black hair, blue gray eyes and skin that was the envy and admiration of many a woman. But there was something about him which his English or Irish ancestry could not account for—whether of manner or of appearance it was difficult to determine; you first would credit it to one, then to the other. Those who professed to know the secret whispered the story that a great-great-grandmother on his father's side was a French woman with a sprinkling of Jewish blood.

World-traveler, student and lover of his kind, Paul David many years ago had investigated, at his own expense, the mines and factories of Australia, America and Great Britain. Since then, owing to the horror of what he saw, he had placed his entire time, his talents and his ample means at the disposal of those forces which were battling for the emancipation of the slave in industry, without distinction of color, race or nationality. At least a part of his preoccupation, it was soon learned by those on board, was due to the fact he was writing the final chapters of his newest book, entitled "The Great War: Its Causes and Its Lessons."

As the trip was to be long, the entertainment committee in its endeavor to furnish suitable

talent for a considerable number of evenings conceived the idea of inviting Paul David to deliver an address. Extreme modesty at first made him reluctant to accept, but after some persuasion he consented, the only stipulation being that all classes of passengers might be present and that he might choose his own subject. This was readily granted and when the scheduled evening arrived every seat in the Grand Salon was occupied. After an appropriate introduction, the speaker began:

"My Friends:

"No matter what part of the world I may be in, or whatever the occasion, I am always pleased to address an audience on any subject on which I may be deemed competent to speak; but that pleasure is enhanced tonight for I see before me the audience of my dreams, that audience which above all others is most pleasing to my heart and soul—an international audience—children of nearly every clime and tongue, yet all here happily resting on the bosom of Mother Ocean, to the peaceful lullaby of the wind and stars.

"From Land torn by strife, we have returned again for rest and healing to that great international mother, the Ocean, of whom I would speak tonight:

"Had I the naming of the location for a world-court, where great questions would be weighed and balanced, I should place that august edifice on an eminence overlooking the Ocean, in full view of that mighty deep which represents in finite form the majesty and grandeur of the Infinite.

"To these men of all nations, the Ocean would speak a language all its own. Its moans and sighs would be the myriad voices of Humanity rising in protest against tyranny and injustice; its mists and sprays would be the symbol of tears of mothers and fathers, widows and orphans—victims of the lust and greed and the ambitions of those who control the destiny of States. Its mighty forces let loose in storm—its roar, its crashing waves, its frowning darkness, to eyes that see and ears that hear, would be both symbol and warning of the frenzy and power of an enraged people, goaded to desperation or given up to despair.

"Who has not seen in the dark, sullen waves, tossing in titanic struggle, the ghastly faces of the mob—in the French Reign of Terror, on Boston Common or elsewhere portrayed on a thousand pages of history!

"These men of the nations would see also in the Ocean a symbol of Peace. To them by day it would be one silvery band, bejeweled with myriads of flashing diamonds and emeralds, joining the nations of the world in one common bond; by night reflecting the glory of the stars.

"Who then, be he editor, priest or statesman, can stand on the shore of the eternal sea and hear its music, see its ever changing beauty, contemplate its boundaries and measure its terrestrial heights and depths without being transported from that which is mean and low to that which is grand and high—no longer (save in name only) a citizen of a city, a province or a nation but belonging to all mankind.

"It is only in such moods that we may correctly interpret those mysterious human forces which know no boundaries and which hold all mankind in their sway. We then see in history little more and little less than a record of the crimes and calamities of Mankind, not the crimes and misfortunes of one country alone, but of all the countries that make up the human race. We then know and understand that Truth is not eternally on one side of a river or national frontier and Error perpetually on the other. We then understand, and charitably too, that men are the puny products of environment, often unable to raise themselves above the common ideas and opinions of their kind.

"So when men reach the stature of true manhood, as measured by the broad standards of the all-encircling Ocean, they will cease to be Australians, Canadians, Englishmen or Americans and will become truly Citizens of the World. They will discard forever 'My country, right or wrong!' and will substitute for that monstrous motto the imperishable words of that great infidel, who was more faithful in the cause of Truth than millions of his traducers: 'The world is my country; to do good my religion.' It is only by climbing to such mental and spiritual heights that Man can qualify for the great task of world reconstruction.

"Of course, men must be born somewhere and each individual, for some time to come at least, will in a measure reflect his national surroundings. I, for instance, am a native born Australian of English-Irish parentage or, more strictly speak-

ing, English-Irish-Scotch parentage, there being Scotch blood in my mother's veins.

"Naturally, by reason of birth, I should be a patriotic Australian, but to be a patriotic Australian, as a patriotic Canadian, one must possess and show on all occasions an exuberance of love for the motherland—in fact, one must be more English than the English. Even as a schoolboy, the history, traditions, purposes and aims of the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street failed to inspire in me any such sentimental convulsions.

"An acute observer, however, might point to my rather mixed ancestry and conclude with directness and rare insight that in each other national characteristic I am painfully true to type: for is it not said of the Irishman that every time he opens his mouth, he puts his foot in it; of the Scotchman that he keeps the Sabbath and everything else he can lay his hands on (against which libel I humbly protest), and lastly, 'that you can always tell an Englishman—but not much.' I thank heaven tonight that I belong to *no* nation—but to you all. We are all brothers and sisters, regardless of our color, creed or nationality. We have a common Father, a common Saviour and a common destiny.

"Animated by this sentiment, who can read without protest, if not revulsion (unless he be saturated with the virus of jingoistic nationalism) such words, uttered in flaunting pride, as these:

'Walk wide of the Widow at Windsor,
For half of creation she owns,
We have bought her the same, with the sword
and the flame.
And have salted it down with our bones!'

"Never was a nation so scathingly indicted by one of its own, yet seeking only the applause of his kind, we see this human Jackal follow in the wake of the Lion, waxing exultant as he hears the crunching of human bones, as he traces the bloody trail of the beast around the world. Infamy exalted—bleached piratical bones on the plains and in the hills glorified as monuments to virtue—the sword raised high above the cross—the flame supplanting the still small voice.

"How often have I seen Australians exult at the Lion's prowess and glory in his gory conquests—but behold how dearly they have paid for their devotions at Baal's shrine!

"My friends, the man who invented a flag invented an idol; the men who conceived patriotism conceived idol worship. Around these national idols the ground is soaked and encrusted with human blood to the very depths. At the feet of these grinning monsters are the skulls of millions of the victims of an insane delusion.

"There is talk of disarmament to prevent war; that is good. But I say, first of all destroy the spirit of war, destroy your idols, and your armaments will turn to rust.

"I have English blood in my veins and I love America, yet I tell you tonight that the two greatest menaces to the peace of the world today are British Imperialism and so-called Americanism. The doctrine of the one is greed and of the other selfishness, each of which is propagated and supported by false patriotism and the meanest instincts that can degrade and debase a people. One represents the bully, the other the moral

coward. One says 'We have the ships, we have the men, we have the money, too' and goes out to conquer and subjugate. The other says, 'I have the natural wealth of the world, great natural and strategic advantages, and I mean to keep them for myself' and proceeds to barricade itself against the rest of the world—even as though the Lord Almighty had made the new hemisphere and the richness thereof for the exclusive use of those who happened to be the first to take possession.

"America stands today a great giant in the West with the noblest of Missions to mankind; yet a sacrifice to the mean, low and selfish ends announced and practiced by her leaders. 'America First!' is the motto by which they announce to all the world that they mean to be the beginning and the end of all they do; that their chief aim in life is their own advantage; that self is their God and their people its worshipers.

"Such leadership is like the leper's scourge which in time corrupts the body, blinds the eyes and eats out the heart but, though heartless, blinded and corrupt, receives neither sympathy from men, pity from angels nor favor from God. Such leadership, my friends, needs an awakening—and may Heaven speed the day."

Embarrassed silence, then generous applause, followed the speaker as he left the platform. Before the applause had died away, a young woman, who had been observed taking shorthand notes during the address, seated herself at the piano and softly played the opening bars of "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." From the audience

a young man stepped to her side and, in a musical bass voice, began the words of that beautiful old song. One after another of the audience joined in until the whole ship reverberated to the charming melody that has on land and sea moved multitudes.

At the conclusion of the song, the young couple on the platform clasped hands, in silence. The audience, some with moist eyes, quickly dispersed—many to points of vantage where they could better view the ocean, realizing for the first time that there was something they had missed, remaining for hours as though lost in thought; others took a hasty glance and then retreated to their card tables and other amusements.

The night was beautiful and calm. Not a cloud flecked the sky. The moon was nearly at its full and the stars never were more numerous or more glorious.

A group of passengers was being entertained and enlightened by an astronomer as he pointed out the great stars, the constellations and the nebulae, naming them in turn. He dwelt on the distances from star to star and immensity of space even within the limits of a single constellation, venturing the information that a certain nebula in the constellation of Orion (then visible to the naked eye) was a million times as large as the Earth's orbit around the Sun and that even the millions of tiny specks we are pleased to call nebulae, themselves may be planets each millions of times larger than our own Sun—at which one of the listeners exclaimed fervently: "If this all is true, what a tiny speck our Earth is and *we* are nothing!"

At that precise moment Mrs. Barnstable passed. Head tilted high in the air, every motion indicated that she was animated solely by the exuberance of her own importance. Then, the inevitable happened. Under the spell of the night and the contemplation of the stars, the little group had become serious—but, focusing their eyes on this Boston luminary, came back to earth again and all with one accord broke into a merry laugh.

Thus did Mrs. Barnstable perform a service, even to the point of justifying her existence; for was she not the humorous object which may have prevented a weak minded mortal from going crazy as a result of brain strain from too rapt contemplation of the immensity of space!—the weakling finite trying to measure the mighty Infinite!

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On the day following, there were four leading topics of discussion on board the ship—the ocean and the heavens, but principally Paul David and his speech. One and all wanted to hear him again.

It was suggested by some that they subscribe a substantial amount to pay for a course of lectures to be delivered nightly during the remainder of the voyage. Others felt that such an offer would definitely remove any chance of his acceptance. Among the latter were Miss Mary Vernon who, on the previous evening had presided at the piano, and Richard Collier whose pleasing bass voice had led the singing.

After some debate, it was agreed that Miss Vernon, accompanied by Collier, call on Mr. David and arrange, if possible, a series of addresses on whatever subjects he might be pleased to talk.

It is unnecessary to say that the committee was received cordially. After the formality of introductions, Miss Vernon (womanlike) approached the purpose of their visit obliquely.

"Mr. David," she said with a reminiscent, half-humorous air, "I want to read you a wonderful tribute to the Ocean—the best that has ever been written in any language. I feel sure of this because I wrote it myself—in shorthand."

Gravely she began reading from her notebook sections of the address which he himself had delivered the night before. When she had finished, David viewed the young woman critically and with deliberation said:

"Miss Vernon, you are not only an exquisite musician and a beautiful singer, but you are also a consummate actress. What is it you desire?"

Mary Vernon blushed and, strange to relate, Richard Collier both beamed and blushed. Then, their mission explained, Mr. David continued:

"What particular subject or subjects would you like to hear discussed—the stars or the latest fashions in gowns?"

"Neither," replied Miss Vernon. "As to the stars, for the present I would rather see them than hear about them and as for the fashions I have no further interest in them as I am on my way to become a welfare worker in an out-of-the-way South Pacific Island where the fashions will be of little use to me and when I return, if ever, the mode will have changed many times."

Over the serious face of Paul David came a look of surprise, but his eyes voiced undeniable approval as the future plans of Mary Vernon

were thus subtly revealed. The information affected Richard Collier differently, however, for though he looked his surprise there was that in his expression which bespoke a deeper interest (not to say disappointment) which by rare self-control he struggled bravely to conceal. Wholly unconscious of the effect her naive announcement had produced in her two companions, Mary Vernon continued:

"It is generally known that you are completing a book which deals with the world war—its causes and its lessons. These subjects would interest me greatly and I am sure they are of interest to everyone else. Not the heroic stories of the war—of them we have had enough—but the honest truth about the guilt of starting the war and more especially what is keeping the world from peace. Recent events lead one to question and doubt. Has it all been in vain? Suspicions and disturbing facts are coming to the surface. Have we been the victims of lies and deceit. I believe you have something encouraging to tell. The boys who went over came back and are silent. What are they keeping back? How do they feel? What do they know?"

Paul David said nothing for Mary Vernon had turned to Richard Collier. Her pause indicated that she expected an answer—his answer.

"Yes," he said, somewhat embarrassed, "I am one of the boys who crossed the water and came back. I was a member of America's first overseas contingent. I remained abroad until after the armistice was signed. I saw everything that was possible for a soldier to see—camp life and fight-

ing, but nothing that was exciting or spectacular. The enemy was for the most part unseen. There were those of us who did not see a German soldier for weeks at a time, except as the prisoners were brought in. We pounded away hit or miss, as in the dark.

"The reason our returned soldiers say nothing is that they have nothing to tell—aside from incidents. The average soldier knows nothing of the responsibility for starting the war—knows nothing of the so-called atrocities or blood-curdling and fantastic stories that the home folks were fed on. But he does know, and every enemy soldier knows, the inhuman and beastly things that occur in the camp on *both* sides of the firing line. He is silent because he does not wish to give the lie to his country's propaganda—either that or he desires to pose as a silent hero."

During Mary Vernon's plea and Collier's confession, Paul David's face was a study. He seemed stirred to his soul's depths. In a quarter least expected, he had found his war views vindicated. Yet he had heard nothing new—all this and a thousand times more he had known for years.

But was the world at last ready for the truth—the truth for which Mary Vernon was pleading—the truth to which Richard Collier was willing to testify? Was mankind at last ready to accept its freedom—in the only way that true freedom can come: "Know the Truth and the Truth shall make you free"?

Paul David believed that it was . . . and so he gave his consent to speak, not once but many

times during the remainder of the voyage. As yet, only two of his fellow passengers had glimpsed the tremendous import of the revelations to be made—Mary Vernon who had *dared to know* and Richard Collier who had *dared to tell!*

* * * * * * *

There is one important thing that must be said of Mary Vernon—a very important thing. She was a very beautiful girl, but (more important still) she was no more conscious of her beauty than a lily or a rose. Few had more reason to stand before the mirror in self-admiration than she, yet none there were who knew a mirror less.

It is said that beauty is the first gift nature bestows upon woman—and the first to be taken away. But with Mary Vernon, beauty was not a gift for the reason that Mary Vernon was beauty itself. She had the beauty of youth, the beauty of virtue, the beauty of truth. There was but one beauty she had not yet attained to—the beauty of age—but even this was assured her, conditionally of course, and Mary Vernon was living each day as though to win that prize, for—

"She walked in beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Met in her aspect and her eyes;
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which Heaven to gaudy day denies."

Perhaps one of the prettiest tributes ever paid a girl was uttered by her guardian on the day Mary Vernon arrived at her twenty-first year. After a moment of affectionate contemplation

from across the room, he remarked to an old friend:

"The fortunate young man who carries Mary Vernon away in marriage will think he has a jewel, but he will soon discover that he also has a treasure."

To describe the physical aspect of Miss Vernon is to attempt the impossible, for any word description fails to convey a proper mental picture. I might tell you that she had a wealth of raven hair, teeth like pearls, cheeks like the dawning day and a carriage like the queen of the forest—but this description, although true, would apply to thousands. Therefore, I will have you, my reader, make your own mental picture and whatever that picture may be, if it is beautiful, it will be Mary Vernon. How could it be otherwise, for do we not disagree before the master painting, even as before the flesh and blood itself? As we view the rose in the garden, do we not all see it differently? One sees it adorning a hat in a millinery show room—another, gracing a banquet table. One sees only the possible worm at its heart, while another, thanks to God, sees in its blush of innocence the red lips of heavenly spirits opening to kiss the morning dew; or the crimson blush as on an eastern sky announcing the dawn of a new day for the world.

When Mary was but a child of twelve her mother died and her father before she had reached her fifteenth year. Provisions were made for her education and ample funds were left in trust to provide a life income—sufficient but not excessive. From her seventeenth year to her twentieth

she attended an Eastern University. Following this (as an extra precaution), she took a short business course and became very proficient in shorthand. Thereafter, she spent four years in community service work in New York City.

Caring little for society, Mary Vernon's chief pleasure and enjoyment was derived from ministering to the sick and destitute in the great lower East Side. Here she met those grim monsters, Disease and Poverty, and on their own ground heroically fought them as best she could—frequently sick at heart, utterly discouraged and almost beaten to the ground, but each day returning to the unequal contest with fresh courage and unconquerable determination. Here she studied social and economic conditions and acquired well-informed opinions of her own as to the causes of poverty.

Those who knew Mary Vernon well would have smiled none too hopefully at the obvious attentions of even so eligible and serious minded a young man as Richard Collier of Chicago, even though Richard Collier were "a gentleman and a scholar," a man of means, desirable and eligible in every way for the choicest of America's fair daughters. And, let it be said, young Collier was all this—which is saying a great deal, unless in fiction.

In the great firm of Collier & Co., chemical manufacturers, an important executive had died, and Richard Collier by a unanimous vote of the Board of Directors had been called to fill his place. The decision was made on its merits. Collier was well fitted for the position, barring

experience, for he was a practical chemist and a graduate in medicine although he never used the title of "Doctor." His present trip was for the purpose of inspecting his company's foreign branches, his first objective being Australia.

Richard Collier was not handsome in the accepted sense of the word, but he was straightforward and, above all, honest—as Mary Vernon had discovered in their interview with Paul David.

There were those on board the ship who professed to know by certain unfailing signs that Richard Collier was hopelessly in love but, as yet, no one was exactly sure about Miss Mary Vernon.

CHAPTER IV

THE evening arrived when Paul David was to deliver his second address. Although there had been much interest manifested on the occasion of his first address, this time that interest was intensified. While no one knew the subject of his talk, all felt it would be a revelation—but in what form, they could only speculate.

They were even more perplexed and inwardly apprehensive when Paul David seated himself on the rostrum. During the previous address his face had been wreathed in amiable smiles. Now, the smiles departed, we saw only seriousness and grim determination.

The opening preliminaries were short. After arranging some papers for easy reference, the speaker faced his audience and began:

"My Friends:

"An evening or two ago I spoke to you on The Ocean. I endeavored to give you a standard by which to measure life—to measure eternity.

"In your girlhood and boyhood days your world ended where the sun set, just the other side of the little hill beyond your home. When you became older you were taken to the nearby town, and your world ended there. And how big it was! You laugh at this now, but it was vain to tell you anything different in your childhood. Your little hill and your little town were the only standards by which you could measure life.

"Some have never grown beyond the little hill and the little town. They are yet children,

although they have grown to the full physical stature of men and women. Each has a child's brain in an adult's body. They fight for the little hill and they shout for the little town and everything that comes from without is an enemy ready to devour them and, as darkness sets in around them, their little imaginations run riot with every conceivable notion of impending danger.

"But the majority of us get somewhat beyond that. We go to school and we are taught that we belong to a certain section of the earth and that this section has a boundary and that everything within that boundary is ours (although we may not own an inch of it) and we must love it and cherish it because it is ours and we must not love and cherish anything outside of this boundary as much as we love and cherish what is inside of it for if we did this we would not be *patriotic*—we would be bad citizens, embryo traitors.

"We are taught also from our infancy, even in church, that we must die for our strip of the earth and everything within its boundary and if that boundary, by conquest or otherwise, should be enlarged in size by adding more territory to it we should be prepared to die for that also and if by chance we lost part of our section of the earth, and it should permanently come within the boundary of another country, we should cease to love the lost portion because it is no longer a part of our strip of the earth's surface.

"Years ago we were taught that we must die for this little strip of the earth's surface whenever our rulers or leaders thought the time for dying had arrived; but now, to be good and

patriotic citizens, we not only must die for our country but lie for it as well!

"This is the way the people of all the countries are taught and under this teaching they swell up like balloons with a gaseous mixture of pride, envy and hatred and when they get sufficiently blown up and accidently collide with another balloon containing the same evil mixture, some pretentious ruler or ambitious little leader lights a match and the result is an explosion that shakes the world.

"Turkey has its patriotism and so have Germany, England, France and America. And each is made of the same dangerous, poisonous, inflammable and explosive material.

"So I plead with you tonight, whatever your nationality, to stamp out that evil thing we call national patriotism and to stamp under your feet its waving emblem as though it were a viper or a lighted match in a powder factory—for it all tends to self-glorification, prejudice, hatred—and war.

"When men reach the full stature of manhood that God intended, their vision will not be circumscribed by their little hills or their little towns or the narrow confines of their own little country, but their vision, their sympathy and their love will reach out to and embrace all mankind.

"We have just emerged from a great war—the most terrible in all history. That war was temporarily won by what? Not by shot and shell, not by conciliation, but by lies—and these lies were possible because our minds were poisoned by false patriotism. We were, in other words, afflicted by the world's most devastating plague—Nationalitis.

"Not that Germany was guiltless, far from it—not that her leaders were anything but arrogant and ambitious—not that she did not strike in her frenzy foul and cruel blows, for that is war. But never in all the history, since men came upon this earth, were so many lies uttered and published, combined and multiplied a thousand times, than those each national leader thought necessary to tell his people in order to win the war. Can anything be won by lies? Yes, but nothing can be decided permanently by lies. The war is won but not decided and never will be until each acknowledges his particular guilt and falsehoods before the bar of heaven.

"Filled with pride of victory we hate to acknowledge that we have been misled and deceived. Today we still try to make ourselves believe the world war was necessary and that we fought in a sacred cause. But deep in our hearts we know this is not true. Liberty Bond subscribers now, in the light of reason and common sense, say: 'Never again!' The American soldier who fought in Europe, to make the world safe for Democracy, will say privately and often publicly: 'If they take me for another foreign war, it will be my dead body!' Why are there now no worshipers at the shrine of Wilson—that fallen American idol with face of brass, feet of clay and tongue of deceit—that idol that is being gradually swallowed up by the quicksands of oblivion? Search your heart of hearts, my friends, and answer wisely for on your answer—the answer of mankind—depends the future peace of the world.

"Until we, the people of all countries, come to know and understand that all European leadership had a guilty share in making the war possible, that German citizens were the victims of the same evils that we were and no more guilty than we—until we all come to this knowledge, ignorance and hatred will delay the dawn of peace.

"Without bias, I have investigated the subject of war guilt for years and I can say to you tonight that, if a thousandth part of the effort made to win the war by force had been employed toward bringing peace by conciliation and negotiation, the war would have ended three years before it did and humanity would be standing squarely on its feet today, not prostrate in the dust.

"In the fall of 1916 in the City of Washington, I talked with one of England's greatest diplomats. Frankly he believed what every leading statesman in Europe and Washington secretly believed, that a negotiated peace was then the most desirable thing in all the world.

" 'Why,' I asked, 'do you not begin negotiations?' And his answer was:

" 'We cannot. Our people are too enraged to allow us to stop now. They are beyond our control, insane with hatred and anger. With propaganda we sowed the wind—today we are reaping the whirlwind. Our people are ablaze with a fire that must burn out, though civilization be laid in ruins. No leader could stop it if he would. If he dared, he would be rended limb from limb. National leaders who systematically poison the minds of their people, to increase their fighting spirit, have something terrible to answer for.

Even now, through this same propaganda, I see the storm currents eddying over America.'

"How differently the allied peoples would have felt toward their enemies had Sir Philip Gibbs, for instance, well known English writer and war propagandist, come out bravely (as he now does cowardly) with the truth. In his book 'It May Now Be Told,' by which he means the truth may now be told, he presents some facts which would have cooled our blood had they been told when they should have been. The very title stamps its author a patriotic coward for as we read its pages of overwhelming perfidy we are amazed that the title was not written 'It Should Have Been Told.' For here, my friends, is a little of what that now bold English knight has to say:

" 'Base passions as well as noble instincts were stirred easily. Greedy was the appetite of the mob for atrocity tales. The more revolting they were the quicker they were swallowed. The foul absurdity of the corpse-factory was not rejected any more than the tale of the crucified Canadian (disproved by our own G. H. Q.) or the cutting off of children's hands and women's breasts, for which I could find no evidence from the only British ambulances working in the districts from which such horrors were reported. Spy-mania flourished in Main Streets; German music was banned in English drawing-rooms. Preachers and professors denied any quality of virtue or genius to German poets, philosophers, scientists or scholars. A critical weighing of evidence was regarded as pro-Germanism and lack of patriotism.

Truth was delivered bound to passion. Hatred at home, inspired largely by feminine hysteria and official propaganda, reached such heights that when fighting-men came back on leave their refusal to say much against their enemy, their straightforward assertion that Fritz was not so black as he was painted, that he fought bravely, died gamely, and in the prison camps was well-mannered, decent, industrious, good-natured, were heard with shocked silence by mothers and sisters who could only excuse this absence of hate as war-weariness.

" 'In courage I do not think there was much difference between the chief combatants. The Germans, as a race, were wonderfully brave until their spirit was broken by the sure knowledge of defeat and by lack of food. Many times through all these years they marched shoulder to shoulder, obedient to discipline, to certain death, as I saw them on the Somme, like martyrs.

" 'They marched for their Fatherland, inspired by the spirit of the German race as it had entered their souls, by the memory of old German songs, old heroic ballads, their German home life, their German women, their love of little old towns on hillsides or in valleys, by all the meaning to them of that word, Germany, which is like the name of England to us—who is fool enough to think otherwise?—and fought often, a thousand times, to the death, as I saw their bodies heaped in the fields of the Somme and round their pill-boxes in Flanders and in the last phase of the war behind the Hindenburg line round their broken batteries on the way to Mons and Le Cateau.

" 'The German people endured years of semi-starvation and drain of blood greater than any other fighting people—two million dead—before they lost all vitality, hope and pride, and made their abject surrender.

" 'I am certain that, except in hours when men "see red," there was no direct hatred of the men in the opposite trenches, but, on the other hand, a queer sense of fellow-feeling, a humorous sympathy for Old Fritz, who was in the same bloody mess as themselves. Our generals, it is true, hated the Germans. "I should like one week on Cologne," one of them told me, before there seemed ever a chance of getting there, "and I would let my men loose in the streets and turn a blind eye to anything they liked to do."

" 'If I had a thousand Germans in a row,' relates Sir Philip of another English commander, 'I would cut all their throats, and enjoy the job.'

"Intelligent people are beginning to understand how they were deceived regarding atrocities and also for what purpose. But many are undecided still about the responsibility, the guilt, of starting the war. It is not my purpose to go into this subject deeply but only to give you some testimony from out of the mouths of those who now, for their own selfish ends or for patriotic reasons, remain silent and allow the lie of the ages to stand unchallenged. This testimony, to the unprejudiced mind, will afford some clew to war causes.

"First, we will hear an Englishman, no less a personage than the editor of the great London Daily News. On August 1, 1914, after review-

ing the dangerous situation in Europe he published to the world:

" 'As a matter of fact, the Czar holds the scales in his hands; but we hold the Czar in our hands! It depends on us whether Europe shall overflow with blood.'

"Mr. Brailsford, the English critic, in August 1914, wrote:

" 'There was a word which could have saved peace—the word of England to Russia—'If you mobilize against Germany before all aids of diplomacy have been exhausted, we shall consider you the aggressor, and shall move no man nor ship to help you.' This word, Sir Edward Grey has not spoken.'

"It must be remembered that these men were bystanders at the very inception of the war and their testimony, in the light of subsequent events, is most important.

"But you have been told that German's preparedness was an evidence of her guilt. As to this we must now put on the stand Mr. Lloyd George, the present English premier. In January of 1914, six months before the war began, the attention of that gentleman was called to Germany's military position—to which Lloyd George replied:

" 'The German army is vital to the very life and independence of the German nation, surrounded as she is by other nations, each of which possesses armies almost as powerful as her own.'

"On the other hand, it is claimed by Great Britain that her own unpreparedness is an evi-

dence of her innocence. The sea power preparedness of Great Britain is proverbial and cannot be questioned. Great Britain is a maritime power—not a land power. But how did the British, six months before the war began, consider their military position? On March 10, 1914, four months before the war began, Colonel Seeley, Under Secretary for War, stated publicly in the British House of Commons: 'We stand well for the purposes of immediate war on any basis you may consider.'

"And what must be thought of Colonel Repington, Britain's great military expert, who in 1909 in his military book, makes the following statement:

" 'The possibility of war on two fronts is the nightmare of German strategists and, considering the pace at which Russia is building up her field armies, this nightmare is not likely to be soon conjured away.'

"And what must also be said of Lloyd George's admission made on February 15th of this very year: 'The war is something into which we all staggered or stumbled, perhaps through folly, and a discussion no doubt, would have averted it.' . . . At which the London Times pertinently remarks that if this be true, then Germany is not alone guilty—which you will all agree is right.

"Now let us hear from one or two noted Frenchmen—in order that the darkness may be illumined. You know, Colonel Boucher's writings were as prominent in France as Bernhardi's were in Germany. Early in 1914 Colonel Boucher with

unerring accuracy depicted the isolated and dangerous position of Germany and pointed out how her enemies could take advantage of that position. He goes on to say:

" 'Germany today is threatened on all frontiers and finds herself in a position that she can only insure her frontier and face all her foes by seeking first of all to eliminate France from their number by concentrating, from the beginning, all her forces against us.' . . . Colonel Boucher was right. In the struggle Germany had to do and did what Colonel Boucher had previously pointed out. He proceeds with further damning evidence against his own country and her allies:

" 'Thus we see, when the time comes, when Slavism desires to make an end to Germanism, Russia can serve us. If Russia attacks Germany, France becomes master of the situation. From whatever aspect Germany's position is studied, it will be realized that her future is of the darkest.' . . . And who made Germany's future dark and threatening? There can be but one answer—Russia, backed by France and England.

"But, France says she was innocent because she was found unprepared. In 1913 the great military expert of France, Colonel Grouard, in his book The Ultimate War, says: 'In no army has greater work been accomplished during the last thirty years than in the French army.'

"Now, in order to win the war, the leaders of the Entente not only polluted the streams of truth, but they also perverted history. History is human experience and experience is mankind's greatest teacher; therefore, history above all

things should be guarded and embellished by the exactest, the sternest and the strictest of truth. If it shall be a guide and instructor for the present and the future, it must come to us as pure gold—washed by the sands of time, not by the polluting hands of men. In this connection I will give you one isolated instance of this distortion, which had for its purpose the discrediting of Germany and the creating of world sympathy for France, namely, the claim that the war of 1870 was due to German aggression and greed, the exact opposite being the truth, as a few hours spent in any library will attest. However, I shall not attempt the task of refuting this claim, but will content myself with giving you the opinions of great men who saw that war from its inception to its close—by-standers in intimate touch with the hidden forces which produced that upheaval.

"Who should be the best judge between France and Germany but the one man who knew both countries better than any other living, and he the greatest Englishman of his day—the man who wrote The Life of Frederick the Great and The French Revolution. That man, as you know, was Thomas Carlyle. This is what Carlyle wrote in 1870:

"'The vain compassion and lamentations of the English Press about the trials that have beset France and the cession of Alsace-Lorraine to the Victorious Germans are, it appears to me, inspired not so much by a feeling of real sympathy and humanity, but one of artificial sentiment, which betrays complete ignorance of the history

of the two countries and the manner in which Germany has been disturbed and tormented by France for centuries.

" 'England retained only a weak recollection of the many severe lessons that have resulted from the conduct shown by France to Germany for the past four hundred years.

" 'During these four centuries, no nation has had such vicious neighbors as the rapacious, irreconcilable and always aggressive French people were to Germany. While the Germans were compelled to bear the French insults during this entire time, they would, in my opinion, be mad if today they would not seize the opportunity to secure for themselves a boundary, which will guarantee peace for them. As far as I know, there is no law in the world that justifies the French people in retaining the property robbed by them, after the former owners had once re-appropriated it.

" 'The number of falsehoods, official and inofficial, France has knowingly produced is unprecedented and shocking. However, this is nothing compared to the immeasurable number of illusions and falsehoods that have circulated so long among the French people. They are evidently of opinion that superhuman wisdom radiated from France on all other nations, that France is the new Zion of the universe, and that out of all her literary works of the past fifty years, however injurious and indecent they may be, emanates the true Gospel so rich in blessings for poor humanity.

" 'May the noble, peaceful, enlightened and

serious German nation become united and reign as Queen of the Continent, in place of the light-minded, ambitious, quarrelsome and over-sensitive French.

"'This is the greatest event of the present time, and its realization must be welcomed by all.'

"And what does England's great Thunderer—the London Times—say to this? I refer to the virile Times of the seventies, not that degenerate of today that has for its proprietor a political assassin occupying the seat of a sage—a cynic instead of a seer, a harlequin instead of a tutor for the nation. In 1870 the Times and two of its contemporaries wrote as follows:

"*The London Times*—'It has long been a matter of faith with the French statesmen that the world's system required the supremacy of France in Western Europe. The war must not end before she has been forever impressed with the shallowness of this presumption, and we urgently advise France to accept the moderate German Peace Terms.'

"*The London Daily News*—'Nearly two hundred years ago, Louis XIV robbed Alsace. The Statute of Limitations may cover up the robbery—however, it does not cover the right to reconquer. The population is German according to descent, language and customs. However, the people need not be less proud to again be received by a greater nation of its own blood and language.'

"*The London Saturday Review*—'If Germany decides to take Alsace and can take it, let her do so. According to our opinion she is entirely right,

even though she does not previously go through the sham act of a vote.'

"This isolated instance of wilful perversion of history is so important that I must pursue it further. Full knowledge of such instances as this will serve to put you on your guard when future attempts are made to deceive you.

"The Franco-German controversy includes in it the rightful ownership of Alsace-Lorraine. Now, what are the facts regarding Alsace-Lorraine? To know these facts is to realize how much the world has been deceived by Allied propaganda—and by the Allies in including in their war aims the return of Alsace-Lorraine to France, thereby prolonging the war and in the end doing an irreparable injustice.

"Alsace was forcibly taken from Germany by Louis XIV in 1681. There never was a more flagrant case of conquest of an alien people than this. At a much later date the German Duchy of Lorraine was annexed to France, the complete annexation taking place in 1766. From that time on, even to the present day, these provinces have remained (insofar as it was possible for them to do so) German, in both language and custom.

"According to the census of 1910, nearly 90 per cent of the two million inhabitants of Alsace-Lorraine declared German to be their native tongue and only about 10 per cent owned French to be their language. This in itself is remarkable when it is remembered that these provinces lie alongside of France proper, the border territory being largely French.

"The situation is summed up by John Murray, an Englishman, who in his Handbook for Travellers on the Continent, published in 1863, pertinently remarks: 'Strasbourg is the Argentoratum of the Romans. Though united for more than a century with France, and at present forming the Capital of the Department of Bas Rhin, Strasbourg has nevertheless wholly the appearance of a German city, in the aspect of its streets and in the dress and the speech of its inhabitants. Louis XIV seized Strasbourg, a free, imperial city of the German Empire, in 1681, by means of an unjustifiable attack during a period of absolute peace.'

"As a result of the war of 1870, these provinces went back to their rightful owners—to whom they properly belonged. Again, in 1918, they go back to France, not by conquest as formerly, but by the work of political assassins, who at Versailles added malice to falsehoods, treachery to pretexts, and to all a blind, irrational and cowardly impulse to inflict punishment and assert dominion. These assassins took the pale, bleeding, emaciated and prostrate body of Europe in their deathlike skeleton clutches, tore open wounds that had been healing for centuries, poured poisons into the great wounds left open by a war of which they themselves were joint authors—then left the sufferer bound and gagged, as prey to the beasts of the field and the vultures of the air.

"And that, my friends, is the position of Europe today—three years after the cessation of hostilities. Not a wound has even begun to heal; all is

inflamed and putrid with running sores. And worst of all, with world blindness and prejudice everywhere, there is no hope in sight."

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At the conclusion of the address, the Chairman announced that on the following night Paul David would speak on "The Hopeless Economic Condition of Europe" and on the evening next following would deliver his final address entitled "The Impending World Revolution."

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The greater part of the audience remained, gathered in groups of twos and threes, to discuss Paul David's speech in detail.

Mrs. Barnstable, in a shrill, penetrating voice, denounced it as "Outrageous!" Mr. Barnstable, though milder, was equally as decided in his opinion. Addressing a male companion, he ventured to remark that "a man should be willing to fight for the country that has given him a living." After a moment's deliberation, the gentleman addressed, with some emphasis, replied:

"No, I cannot fully agree with you. If a man uses the materials placed at his disposal by nature and earns his daily bread by the sweat of his brow, as we are told that we all must earn our living, he is, in my opinion, under obligation to no country, but to the good Lord who gave him the materials with which to make a living. In a country as rich and fertile as America, for example, where a living is more easily made than in older and more wornout countries, I am of the opinion that extra thanks should be given to the Creator and not to the new fertile country or

its government. But, I agree that if a man makes his living without work, that is without creating something, he then owes a great deal to that country and that government which so generously permits him to live on the fat of the land without returning to society the necessary equivalent in labor and, therefore, he should be quite willing to fight for it, even to lay down his life for it, if need be."

To which Mr. Barnstable made no reply. He nervously consulted his watch and announced that it was his hour to retire!

Elsewhere in the room, Mary Vernon was listening to the outspoken denunciation of a British army officer, who bore the title of Colonel.

In the case of the Colonel, the title warrants particular emphasis for by this means he may be quite accurately placed and classified. True, the title of Colonel is not now what it was before the great war, for then, owing to scarcity, like diamonds it had a very high value, both social and commercial. Now, owing to amplitude, the value has shrunken—very much like the iron cross, the mark and the franc—but what we lack in exclusiveness we make up in quantity. However, its broader usage is even more practical than when used solely as a title—for example, to attract the attention of a man whose name you have forgotten, on the street or in the drawing-room, simply say "Colonel" and, nine times out of ten, he will immediately turn your way, the only drawback being that you may get the attention of half the men present.

Concluding his vehement side-lights on the

speech of the evening, the Colonel said significantly: "The man is without doubt a pro-German!" To this Mary Vernon very quietly replied:

"If you mean by that one who tells the truth no matter who it hurts, or one who sincerely tries to open blinded eyes and unstop deafened ears, then I agree that Mr. David is a pro-German. But if I were charged with pro-Germanism and tried before a military tribunal (to my mind, the nearest approach to a dispenser of divine justice on earth) I should plead guilty and throw myself on the mercy of the Court, knowing how humanely and justly I would be treated. Furthermore, Colonel, I should love to have as my judges men like you, whose long training in morals, ethics and humaneness would insure for me a sentence in accordance with the finest human impulses and Christian precepts."

Now, every Colonel is, or should be, *gal*lant and ga*llant* and this particular Colonel was no exception. He did not return Miss Vernon's fire for which he was wise—he saw, no doubt, that she could shoot straight and had, besides, plenty of ammunition in her mental arsenal.

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The next evening, as an informal preliminary to the address by Paul David, the entertainment committee arranged a duet by Miss Mary Vernon and Richard Collier. Then, to her own accompaniment, Miss Vernon sang another song, which was received with outbursts of applause. As she left the piano, she was greeted and complimented by the Colonel, now in excellent humor.

"Miss Vernon," he began, "I may not agree with you in some things, but tonight I am in full agreement with everyone present in my estimate of your ability as a singer. Your charming voice has afforded me genuine enjoyment which I feel inadequate to repay."

Miss Vernon looked at him critically for a moment, then laughingly replied: "Colonel, I will tell you what would please me immensely. Go to your stateroom, gather together all your golden medals, and give them to Mr. Collier to melt down in his experimental crucible. Then, exchange your uniform for a civilian suit. In the steerage, we will present all this to a poor Hungarian mother who has under her wing two fatherless boys. She can use the gold—and I will help her turn your uniform inside out and make of it clothes for her ragged children. Then, when you reach Australia, 'jump' your military job and take up a real man's work. Do this and I will be repaid, with interest."

The Colonel had no opportunity to reply, for many others had gathered around Miss Vernon to express their appreciation and thanks; nor did they disperse until Paul David ascended the rostrum. When the audience was seated, the speaker began:

"My Friends:

"I shall speak to you tonight on the Hopeless Economic Condition of Europe. In approaching so broad a subject, I am conscious of my own limitations and of my lack of ability to paint a picture. What artist, unless he have the colors of hell, can paint Europe as it is today?

"He who would portray the Europe of 1921 must needs visualize not only the greatest calamity of all history—the calamity of War; but he must visualize another calamity almost equally great and far-reaching, the one following the other like fire follows an earthquake—the calamity of the Peace. The one laid a continent in ruins, but it buried its dead; the other passed over like a holocaust, searing everything it touched and left in its wake the living dead.

"Europe is a charnel-house, with every light extinguished, but the torch of the assassin and the robber. Every day she is sinking deeper into the burning lava of hatred and jealousies engendered by both War and Peace. And the end is not yet.

"If Europe shall go down, what then? What of America, of Australia, of Canada? There is but one answer and that answer may be expressed in terms of color—white and yellow—and, in the sight of Heaven, the one is just as acceptable as the other. When the day of the white man's suicide shall have arrived—when the white man shall have been weighed in the balance and found wanting—what then? I will leave a child to answer.

"The God of the white man has been yellow gold. For this God he has sacrificed oceans of blood for the one drop he sacrificed in martydom for the living God. If the Lord made yellow gold for the white man's treasure, why not yellow flesh for his own treasure? If the white human metal has failed (and they have failed) why not the yellow human metal?

"The white races are condemned by their own actions and out of their own mouths. Have they

not condemned their own kind and exalted the yellow man? Did they not endeavor to exterminate one hundred millions of their own (in Germany and Austria) as being unfit to live and call upon the yellow man to be the judge and executioner? Did not the blood of yellow men redden the soil of Europe to seal the destruction of our own cousins—the very flower of the white race? Did not the blood of the English and the blood of the Japs make crimson the valleys of Kiou-Chau so that German whites should not get a foothold on the shores of Asia—as being unworthy to return to the continent from which the white race originally sprung?

"And what scientist can now tell the difference between the blood or skin or bones of Japanese and Englishmen as they rot side by side, in their common cause, in Asia's glistening sands!

"Now, let us return to Europe, the exclusive home of the white man—that continent that today is reaping the fruits of its own folly. Let us examine the causes which produced such horrible results and, at the same time, the alleged causes that produced these results.

"We are told that Germany was responsible for Europe's plight. Let us grant that for the present. We were told (by Entente political physicians, at least) that in 1914 Germany was suffering from a malignant cancer and that in the interests of future world health and peace that cancer must be cut out. That cancer was known as militarism.

"Now, this was or is not a new disease—it is, indeed, a very old one. For a thousand years

France suffered from this disease, its roots running deeply into her vitals. In Russia there were many evidences that the disease was again assuming a virulent form. Great Britain was afflicted with the same malady, the roots of which had spread around the world, but as she had suffered long her disease was not so apparent. Britain's curse was cancer, but of a different variety. It was a lower growth than Germany's but, being general, its effect was not so noticeable as though purely local like Germany's. Great Britain's cancer was caused and grew by ravenous greed—Germany's by outside pressure and friction or, in other words, outside influences, supplemented with the necessity for an unfailing supply of raw material. These influences were none other than the constant pressure that Russia, France and England exerted against her—causing irritation and fear, then a thickening of the skin, then the disease in malignant form—a clear case for operation, according to the specialists. Because it was purely local, it could easily be cut out without very much hurting anybody but the victim. Great Britain, from her safe and tight little Island, could superintend the operation and give the chloroform, while Russia and France performed the bloody work.

"But the patient protested—indeed, thousands of political physicians and surgeons all over the world protested against the operation. They said: 'Remove the pressure from against Germany's skin and this cancerous growth of militarism will cure itself. Remove the pressure of Russia and France, the irritation of Great Britain,

and an operation will not be necessary. By every test, the German organs are healthy, aside from the one difficulty you seek to cure.'

"But the operators were blind to all appeal. Each felt he had much to gain by the operation (physician's necessities, like disease, are heavy hands laid upon humanity) so they went ahead.

"Germany resisted with every atom of her strength. She refused to be chloroformed—she smashed the operators and their pharaphernalia—and the struggle lasted for nearly four years. The Entente surgeons called in the physical manhood of the whole world. The white man, the yellow man, the copper man and the black man swarmed around the operating table—and yet they could not hold Germany down.

"America, meanwhile, was gleefully waxing rich—supplying the surgeons with bandages, chloroform and carving knives at an immense profit. But at the end of three years, the smile gradually began to leave the face of America and dark clouds of doubt and apprehension took its place. What if Germany should overcome her tormentors? What then of the billions due, for chloroform, for bandages and for carving knives? The outlook was distressing, but America soon found a pretext for jumping on the struggling body of Germany. As the patient struggled and kicked to free herself from the relentless grip of her enemies, she was compelled to strike at American shipping. That was enough. Under the pretext of insult, America joined the white man, the yellow man, the copper man and the black man to see the operation successfully carried out.

"Dr. Wilson, that conspicuous failure of the ages, was America's chief consultant. He appeared on the scene with an olive branch in one hand and a knife in the other backed by three million well-fed, well-clothed, able-bodied men, ready to enforce his will. In the mildest and most conciliatory tones, Wilson said to Germany: 'Submit—rid yourself of this cancerous militarism—and then, in the name of the American people, I will welcome you into the brotherhood of democracy and protect you.' Worn out and exhausted, Germany readily took his advice, submitted to the chloroform—and was operated upon.

"Here we have to relate one of the most outstanding instances of treachery known to history. When Germany bared her breast and placed her keeping in the hands of the man whose soft words lulled her into security—when she rendered herself powerless by giving up every weapon of defense—these men proceeded to remove the militaristic growth but, in addition, they cut out the very vitals of their victim as well and, finally, presented her with a colossal bill for damages, damages which were largely incurred in her efforts toward self protection.

"Like the seeds that were planted in Egyptian tombs, the seeds implanted in these wounds will never die, but will multiply and spread over the world—they are the seeds of rape. Germany was the victim of a moral and physical assassination and will in time become a martyr—if not a mendicant, as was hopefully intended.

"A surgical operation should be performed for either of two purposes—to save life or to improve

health. The success of an operation may be measured by either or both of these objectives. If death ensues as a result, if the sufferer is left in worse health than before, or if his neighbors are endangered in any way, then the operation has not been a success. If the patient lives, but has ten diseases where he previously had one, is maimed for life and left penniless and unable to earn a living, then what shall be said of the success of the operation or the sanity of the operators? For your answer, compare the Europe of today with the Europe of July, 1914!

"My friends, they cut out militarism—the menace to Europe and the world. 'The Mad Dog,' of Europe is dead. You all joined in the chase and all contributed to the expense. You saddled a debt not only on yourselves, but on your children and on their children. Your so-called leaders said: 'Help kill the dog and save your children!' and further promised: 'This is the last war, the last mad dog hunt, for we are going to make the world safe for Democracy!'

"You took them at their word—you did not question—but now what do you discover? Instead of one mad dog, you find a dozen snarling and snapping brutes and not the least of these the one that you petted, took to your bosom and showered your warm tears on—France. Her old foe and menace (as she called it) has disappeared, but today France is squandering her substance on armament while her old debts remain and her children starve. Her old disease, the cancer of militarism, is active again—now that the restraint on her Eastern border has disappeared. Take

Britain. Her menace, she claimed, was the growing sea power of Germany. Now Germany has not a battleship, yet Great Britain is spending millions on her navy. In what direction does her menace now lie? The cancer was cut out of one, but its roots are down deep in the others and, if every sign does not mislead, there is evidence of the disease showing its ugly head even in America.

"They carved Europe with no restraining hand —the only one they feared and respected, lying prostrate. They made a beggar of Austria, a brigand of Poland, a puppet of the Balkans, an outcast of Russia, a slave of Germany and a fool of the United States.

"Across the Atlantic what human inferno do we see!

"There stands France, ready with a bludgeon— to knock Germany down if she attempts to rise, but when she does not rise and pay her assessed damages, threatening to dismember her.

"France and England are now at one another's throats. England, to help cripple Germany and to pay her obligation to France, consented to a stupendous levy by France on Germany's coal supply. Now with this same coal, France is supplying England's best customers—underselling England with coal that cost her almost nothing—closing the English coal mines and throwing thousands of miners out of work—ruining the coal industry of England and damaging British shipping as well.

"Then glance at Poland—that rapacious brigand of Central Europe, backed by France. This country is in the throes of nationalistic con-

vulsions and, filled with greed and ambition, threatens the peace and security of Germany on the one side and of Russia on the other.

"But this is not all. Entente leaders are driven to distraction to hide from their peoples the fact that they cannot make good their claim that they would compel Germany to pay for the war 'farthing for farthing.' They now know they cannot collect the indemnity proposed—for three good and sufficient reasons:

"First—The utter impossibility of Germany to pay so colossal a sum.

"Second—Payment in full of the amount stipulated, in the only form that it is possible for Germany to pay, i. e., in products, would ruin the industries of every country receiving its share and increase unemployment in a corresponding degree.

"Third—Taking raw material instead of manufactured goods involves labor; and labor, whether employed by the Allies or Germany, must be paid. By what means can Germany pay for this labor, even if her leaders were willing to do so?—and will German labor perform this service without pay when they know that every effort they make will be for the sole benefit of an alien people? Should the Allies be compelled to go and take their raw materials with their own labor, they may find little profit in the transaction after this has been paid.

"The Allies are up against a genuine economic difficulty and economic difficulties are not usually solved by 'mandates' or 'proclamations.' The mountain will not come to Mohamet and these

Mohamets are too proud to go to the mountain. Instead they curse and fume and rage and threaten but, impotent, they content themselves with baiting and strangling their late enemy.

"The worst feature, however, has yet to be considered—Europe's bankruptcy.

"Europe owes the appalling sum of 300 billion dollars, upon which nearly 15 billion dollars interest must be paid annually. The interest alone means more than the yearly profits of all European business for the best year in her history.

"The greater part of this interest money must be paid by a large producing majority to a very small minority—consisting of a new hard-faced aristocracy that came into being as the direct result of the war and now claims the right to regulate and rule the world.

"Never in the history of mankind can we find a parallel of such economic slavery in any nation as we find in Europe today. The financially enslaved majority is daily growing larger. The minority, which holds the whip hand, is daily growing smaller, while their strong boxes are growing larger. The enslaved majority cannot hope to pay even a half of the interest, let alone anything on the principal. This colossal burden will grow larger and larger as it passes from one generation to the other, and each will have to bend its back to receive the load.

"It will be seen that instead of making the world safe for Democracy, we have been making it safer and safer for robbery and slavery.

"England fares somewhat better than France, Germany or Italy, but the plight of all these

countries by comparison is best shown by the figures of British trade for the month of April, 1913, and the month of April, 1921. In April, 1913, the British people imported of such materials as she lived on 1,979,000 tons—in April, 1921, she imported but 761,000 tons, and each month since then the supply has further declined. In other words, the people of Great Britain are living on about one-third of what they consumed in 1913—their imports being their main source of supply.

"All the delicate machinery that was built up between nations, for the facility of trade and other relations, has been destroyed. Europe is practically back to barter—minus even the crude implements incident to such a primitive state. And will the future historian record that Capitalism and Civilization both were destroyed through the destruction of its intricate machinery of exchange?

"There is but one salvation for Europe today and that lies in the cancellation of all debts, for she cannot rise to her feet under the present load. The two methods by which this may be done are voluntary action or revolution. Capitalism will never give up its advantage voluntarily, but one of these days will gamble with the Fates, risk all and lose all.

"Do the gods demand another blood sacrifice? If so, let their will be done when the hour has arrived! The present is intolerable, the future uncertain—we are sure of nothing but the past. If there ever was a golden age intended for man on this earth, it was not of the past, nor is it of the present, but of the future. And the future, today of all days of history, is in the making."

When the address was concluded the chairman announced that Mr. David would answer any questions, within reason, that the audience might feel disposed to ask. The Colonel was the first of many to accept the challenge:

Question: "Do you not think that Germany's preparedness was conclusive evidence of her guilt?"

Answer: "No. I agree with Lloyd George that Germany needed soldiers and equipment equal to the combined strength of Russia and France, with an ever-present possibility of England being added to the enemy ranks. Germany's up-to-date equipment does not prove her guilt; rather it is an indication of her thoroughness and efficiency. However, a murder may be committed with an old musket as readily as the newest make of rifle. It must be remembered that the combined expenditure of Germany's opponents for war equipment was much larger than that of the German Empire."

Question: "Don't you feel that Germany's armament was a menace to the peace of the world?"

Answer: "I certainly do. Any armed country, like an armed man, is a public menace. If a man carries no arms, he will do no shooting and is, therefore, less liable to commit murder. Germany's armament was a necessity for her own protection—yet out of this necessity grew evils. Great armies produce national pride and despotism—destroy faith in arbitration and Christian conciliation. This is ever true, without regard to the particular country which possesses them.

In my opinion Germany's military machine was organized on harsher and crueler lines than that of any other nation—at least, her discipline was harsher and less humane than that of either England or France."

Question: "Is it not true that the German Army was intended for aggression as well as for protection and that the Germans intended to annex enemy territory and dominate the world?"

Answer: "I honestly believe it was the aim of German leadership to place that country in the very front rank of nations. Some narrow and uninformed people may think that this could only be accomplished by conquest—by annexation and subjugation. But that is not true, nor do I agree that it was Germany's program. It is true that Germany was as anxious for trade profits as any country and was anxiously looking ahead for means of expansion for her rapidly increasing population, but this does not presuppose that she intended to take by force, or seek political control over her neighbors. Germany, above all countries, knew the economic fallacy of such a procedure, as Alsace-Lorraine to some extent had taught her. Political control is not essential to participation in the natural advantages of outside countries. In fact, great advantages are often reaped by outsiders from other nations, without the responsibility of domestic management.

"It is my belief that Germany was prepared to protect her rapidly growing foreign trade and to see to it that she received her fair share of the world's raw materials. The problem of raw materials was both important and acute—had to

be solved at all costs—and the only nation that could say her nay was Great Britain. Without the guarantee of raw materials from abroad, Germany could not plan for the future.

"The ambition for foreign trade and expansion was held against Germany by the multitude which, at the same time, condoned the selfsame thing in the world's chief offender—Great Britain. However, even in Great Britain there were those broad and honest enough to concede to Germany the same rights to foreign trade and expansion that they themselves enjoyed—notably Lord Roberts, who voiced the following generous opinion:

" 'How was this empire of Britain founded? War founded this empire—war and conquest! When we, therefore, masters by war of one-third of the habitable globe—when we propose to Germany to disarm, to curtail her navy or to diminish her army, Germany naturally refuses; and, pointing not without justice to the road by which England, sword in hand, has climbed to her unmatched eminence, declares openly, or in the veiled language of diplomacy, that by the same path, if by no other, Germany is determined also to ascend. Who among us, knowing the past of this nation and the past of all nations and cities that have ever added the luster of their name to human annals, can accuse Germany or regard the utterance of one of her greatest, a year and a half ago, with any feelings but those of respect.' "

No further questions were asked and it was then announced that Mr. David's next address, to be delivered the following evening, would be on The Impending World Revolution.

CHAPTER V

THE fateful day at last arrived, for some of us, at least, without warning. The morning of May 26, 1921, was ushered in gloriously—but clothed in its majestic garb of color the horseman of misfortune.

The sea was as calm and serene as the sky, throwing back in playfulness the kisses of the sun. We were, one and all, under the spell of the enchantress; but none knew how soon these beautiful robes of the morning would be gathered up like the rainbow and the storm break upon us.

We were now within a few hundred miles of the Marshall Islands and somewhat north of the regular trade route between Honolulu and Australia. For twenty-four hours past our ship had been barely creeping along as a result of a break in the machinery. Owing to the calm nature of the sea, the Captain concluded to stop the engines and make repairs, announcing that it would be at least eight hours before sailing would be resumed. This disappointed none of us, save those who by nature are compelled to soothe their nerves by being on the move, who must be any place but where they are.

For several days we had been passing numerous coral formations, but never close enough for us to study their structure or their beauty. Off to the North we observed another group of these little islands, their tiny heads projecting just above the water. I was deeply anxious to examine them at close range and suggested to Miss Vernon

and Richard Collier that, if a boat could be obtained, we could easily row over and back in a very short time. Immediately they fell in with the idea and, without further delay, we sought the Captain. To our surprise, he placed a boat at our disposal, but with the strict injunction that we start back immediately when he gave the signal. I must admit that this unusual favor never would have been granted had not Mary Vernon been our spokesman.

We were soon on our way with Richard Collier pulling lustily at the oars and Mary Vernon looking ahead through powerful field glasses, ready to record first impressions in her notebook, the same which contained the shorthand notes of Paul David's recent addresses. Passengers crowded to the rails, waving their handkerchiefs as vigorously as though we had left the ship for good.

In half an hour we had reached the first coral group and made a landing—realizing at last, as we confided to one another, a long cherished dream of our youth. Collier was well versed on the subject of coral formations and his description of the silent little army of sea workers was intensely interesting. So interested were we that we became unconscious of the passing of time—then suddenly we realized that the heavens had become dark and threatening.

We had travelled but a short distance from shore, on our return to the ship, when Miss Vernon discovered that she had left her notebook behind. She insisted, against our advice, that we return for it and we consented, redoubling our

efforts at the oars to make up for the delay. Collier scrambled to the top of the reef and, book in hand, stood rigid, eyes fixed on the horizon. Each passing moment the murky darkness increased—forerunner of a great storm, in all probability a typhoon. Even before we could reach his side, the sea was stirring uneasily under the foreboding aspect of things.

We turned our eyes toward the ship and observed, to our great joy, that a lifeboat was being lowered. Through Miss Vernon's glass we could see the Captain frantically giving orders. By the time the boat was in the sea, the waves began to roll, tossing the great ship like a cork. After heroic efforts in the teeth of the gale, the boat turned back a hundred feet from the ship's side. As the storm grew in intensity, we felt secure with firm ground under our feet, but hoped and prayed for the safety of the ship and those on board.

It might be well to explain that nature has designed these little coral islands in the form of a circle, and in the center is a lagoon. At high tide their average height above the water is between four and twelve feet. In a great storm, the sea breaks over the highest of these formations on the side that receives the impact, but those on the sheltered side are protected from the onrush of the water, although at times almost overswept by the waves.

Human language will never reach that power and perfection by which we may convey, to those who have not seen or heard, the terrors of a typhoon. First a sobbing wail, a cry of distress in the distance—then a roar like muffled artillery

with moans and cries as if from the abode of lost souls—then howling winds in quest of prey—and all to the accompaniment of a tumult of crashing waves, under wrathful skies.

As has been intimated, we were protected by the first line of defense which these little toilers of the sea had patiently erected and which formed the half circle on the storm side of the lagoon. We found shelter and protection in a waveworn niche on the South side of the circle, although bombarded ceaselessly from the rear by waves that the first line was unable to hold—waves which on striking the reef at our backs would shoot forward a hundred feet in the air and fall in tons far beyond.

Through the hazy, thickening air and mountains of water, we could see nothing of the ship but its funnels. Sometimes it would entirely disappear and again come to view—but finally it was entirely lost to sight.

* * * * * * *

During the time the storm raged we were huddled together in a very cramped position in the shelter of the rock. Scarcely a word was spoken.

It was impossible to tell what was going on in Mary Vernon's mind. No trace of alarm or anxiety showed on her face. On the contrary, her countenance was thoughtful and even more calm than placid. It was a face such as might be seen in a theater, where a great tragedy was being enacted. Her personal safety seemed furthest from her thoughts. The whole scene held her spellbound—she seemed afraid to move or speak lest something should escape her.

When the storm had subsided sufficiently for us to stand on our feet, Miss Vernon sagely remarked: "I now feel that it will be unnecessary for Mr. David to deliver his address tonight, for the world revolution has already taken place and we have seen it for ourselves."

As nature returned to her normal state, we too became more normal and more human. Collier seemed very depressed, though not entirely on his own account, and constantly referred to our plight as a "misfortune." Mary Vernon said little, but it was apparent that she was beginning to feel some impatience at Collier's attitude. During one of his tragic outbursts, she observed:

"I, myself, am a great believer in the law of compensation. It would be but a prophet who could tell us tonight whether this be misfortune or otherwise. Had our ship gone down in the storm, as it may, you would not say that we, on this island, are the victims of misfortune. None of us can tell what evils we have escaped and until we know we cannot judge.

"Good is a revolving globe—it has its bright side and its shadow side. We are now in the shadow, like the earth at night. We have the moon and we have the stars—but what of tomorrow? Thus far, it appears to me, the Fates have favored us. In all my life I have never seen anything so wonderful, so awe-inspiring, as the storm we have just witnessed. It was worth a journey around the earth to see. But if this be a misfortune, we are fortunate that, unlike most human beings, we did not bring misfortune on ourselves. And another blessing is that we will

better know each other, for the test of a ship's mast is not in the calm but in the storm."

We were both surprised at the almost severity of her tone, but we were pleased and relieved to know that, if worst came to worst, our companion would not be of the fair weather variety, but would philosophically and stoically endure to the end, whatever that end might be.

Night was now on and the moon rose over the troubled waters. The wind had gone down and the waves were gently lapping the shore as though affectionately to make amends for their former outbursts of temper. The moon and the stars joined in the work of reconciliation. Therefore, a peaceful tomorrow was promised.

I jokingly asked my companions what our program would be for the coming day. They admitted that they had scarcely given it a thought, preferring to be guided by events. I insisted that it might be better to discuss that important subject now.

We were in unanimous agreement that if the ship did not return by noon the chances were it would not come at all. In case of its failure to arrive by that time, it was incumbent that we lose no time in leaving the little island, in quest of land.

The night was warm. We made ourselves as comfortable as possible, but sleep was out of the question. The night was not long in passing—we exchanged many interesting experiences, sang a few songs and Miss Vernon recited one or two poems. But we were glad to welcome the morning in her purple robes, all feeling confident that it presaged a kindly day for us.

In vain, as the early hours passed, we swept the horizon for sight of the ship. We could see a distance of many miles in the direction it had disappeared, but not even a shadow of smoke was now visible on the horizon. To the North and West the field glass revealed many other little coral groups. If the ship failed to arrive, our only hope, we felt, lay in their direction. We decided to wait until noon, but no longer. When that hour arrived, all hope of rescue dispelled, we set out bravely, rowing in the direction of the nearest reef. It was at best a random shot as in the dark, but the only chance left to us.

By now we were hungry and thirsty, but our sufferings as yet were not acute. Calmly we discussed the question of how long an able-bodied man or woman could subsist without food or water. Collier encouraged us with the information that some of these coral islands harbored shellfish and, in the crevices of the rocks, rain water was frequently found. We all took turns at the oars, Mary Vernon insisting on doing her part.

About two in the afternoon, we reached the first coral group, but nothing of an edible nature was to be found. We rested for a short time and proceeded in the direction of a larger group about five miles due west, which proved as disappointing as the last—we began to think Collier was romancing when he ventured the information about the water and the fish. To the Northwest, our glass brought to view a huge volcanic rock and we started out at once in the hope that from its top we could obtain a better view of our surroundings.

It was nearly five o'clock before we reached our objective and, after some difficulty, effected a landing. Collier climbed the rock, glass in hand. It was an anxious moment. While he swept the horizon with his glass, it seemed like an eternity. If at this height, nothing were revealed, we were doomed. He pointed the glass first South, then West, then bearing toward the North he stopped and yelled in tones to raise the ocean's dead. We knew the rest—land was in sight!

Down he came as nimble as a mountain goat, seizing our hands in a grip which revealed the depth and intensity of his emotion. Then, with composure, he informed us there was an island of some size, covered with verdure, a considerable distance to the Northwest. Temporarily forgetting our hunger, thirst and fatigue we pulled away at a rapid pace. Before darkness came on we had an excellent view—of what was destined to be our new home. In a quiet cove we made our landing by the light of the moon. Too tired to seek food or water, we contented ourselves with gathering leaves and boughs for our beds and, in an incredibly short time there were at least three sound sleepers on the island.

It is quite needless to remind the reader that we were up with the dawn. Never in all our lives had the world looked so good—the ground, the trees, the shrubs, the birds, the insects, everything! Heretofore, we had known something of the barrenness of prosperity. Now we had our first taste of the sweet fruits of adversity! Mary Vernon, in her exuberance, exclaimed: "If some good fairy would only lead me to a spring of

water, my happiness will be complete!" But Gollier was already in quest of that very article and soon returned, telling of a cascade in the nearby rocks. Until his companions could share the pleasure with him, he had refused himself even a taste and as we all drank our fill we felt that never before had we known the real meaning of water—another of our compensations.

Next, and most important, was our breakfast. Thanks to the storm, we were able to get cocoanuts without climbing a fifty foot tree. Our breakfast consisted of the delicious milk of cocoanuts, with ripe pineapples for an appetizer. Breakfast over, we were ready to explore and at Mary Vernon's suggestion, we rowed around the shore line to get a proper perspective.

The island proved to be about one and one-half miles long and about a mile wide. The only visible signs of life were what we concluded to be wild goats and numerous birds of rare plumage.

As we passed the western side, we were startled to find, near the water's edge yet upon very high ground, several houses or buildings of the cabin type. At the foot of a path leading to these buildings was a temporary dock. We were in no haste to land, deciding to take the precaution of observing things from a distance. As we saw no evidence of human life anywhere, our glass revealing weeds and second growth shrubs around the doors, we felt safe in landing for closer inspection. Even the path showed no evidence of having been used for years—no footprints being visible anywhere.

There were three buildings in all, each about

thirty by twenty feet, constructed of coarse pine. The first and largest that we entered was filled with new machinery now covered with rust. The second building evidently had been used for living quarters for it contained rough furniture, cooking utensils and four bunks—one of these being in a separate room. The third building was well filled with canned goods, workmen's supplies, etc. We found nothing to indicate who the owners were, but though the buildings had not been used or occupied for years, everything was in good condition except for the rust and dust.

We were at our wits' ends for an answer to the riddle. An hour's careful search revealed nothing. One theory we held was that the place had been occupied by four men (there being four single beds or bunks) and that in all likelihood these men had gone out to sea (for the landing showed they possessed a boat) and were overtaken by a storm and drowned, leaving nothing to tell the tale.

But this theory was soon exploded. We discovered a number of glass jars containing different seeds, the instructions for planting being in German—on the tables and shelves a number of German books were scattered around, which convinced us that the island was a German possession and the owners of the houses also were German.

But in our search we had overlooked more tangible evidence bearing on the subject. In a pigeon hole we found a German newspaper, published in Berlin under date of June 1, 1914. The conclusion was inevitable that the war had sud-

denly called these four men, if there were four men, to the aid of the Fatherland. If we needed further proof Collier supplied it for he later discovered on a little hill back of the buildings the remains of a dismantled wireless outfit.

I might here disgress to say that the fate of these men was a source of much speculation with us for years—our conclusion being that a general call by wireless had been made, on land and sea, and these men, faithful to tradition, had instantly responded to the call. They may have been amongst those who went down off the Patagonian coast, fighting the British fleet.

In taking possession of the premises, we felt justified by the dictum that necessity knows no law; but not without agreeing between ourselves that we would make just compensation to the owners, if every they appeared.

Skilfully and with incredible speed, Mary Vernon made our rough quarters into an attractive and comfortable habitation, sparing no pains to make the best of everything at her disposal—and it is not too much to say that our every necessity was provided for—we had food in abundance, clothing sufficient for our simple needs, congenial companionship and a daily round of activity that kept our minds eagerly alert.

This is, however, the proper time and place for me to announce to the reader that I do not purpose to give a detailed history of our ten years on the island. If ever this is done, it will be in a volume by itself. These details, and the ones recorded, are only incidents; my main purpose is to show certain contrasts between 1921, when

we left the shores of America, and the year 1931, when, after these adventures (more or less trivial), we returned.

Notwithstanding this firm determination and purpose, I would be remiss in any approach to manly qualities, did I not here pay humble tribute to my companions. My only wish is that they may now find in their hearts one-half the feelings of love, gratitude and respect for me that I entertain for them. Collier proved himself to be a man—and Mary Vernon one of the noblest of women.

PART TWO

CHAPTER VI

DURING our whole ten years on the island we did not see a human being, a ship or even the smoke of a ship—nothing, in fact, which brought us in touch with the outside world with one exception, a wonderful occurrence that took place one night in the September of 1930.

It was about ten o'clock. The evening was quite warm and we were sitting on a bluff near the ocean's edge when, to our astonishment, we saw in the Eastern sky a luminous object rapidly approaching us. It seemed like a star in motion, coming directly towards us about a mile from the earth. Larger and larger it grew, until it passed directly over our heads. It was a gigantic airship, the main portion approximately two hundred feet long and almost thirty feet wide.

From the time we sighted it until it disappeared in the Western skies was not more than a minute's duration—but what a moment for us!

That night, we sat for hours, speculating regarding world affairs and world conditions—but we could only speculate.

We had already given up all hope of being rescued by a passing steamer; still, we looked to be rescued some day by the owners of this island property or their heirs. Now we had another hope—the airship!

The next important event occurred in June the following year—June, 1931. We were just finishing our midday meal when a strange roaring sound brought us pell-mell into the open. We

discovered a huge airship circling around over the ocean within a few hundred yards of the shore, apparently in the process of making a landing.

As the big ship settled down on an almost smooth sea, a door was thrown open and two men appeared. Lowering a boat, they proceeded to inspect the outer portions of the ship. We called and without delay they rowed to our landing place, showing every evidence of surprise—but scarcely a one-hundredth of the surprise and joy that took possession of us on seeing them.

From the Captain we learned the incredible news that he was then bound from Melbourne, Australia, to San Francisco, carrying mail only and, if not delayed too much, would land in San Francisco the following evening at seven o'clock. In a matter of fact tone, he informed us further that his ship was rather of the slow type, averaging only about three hundred miles an hour and carrying a crew of only four men but, if we wished, we were welcome to come along.

It is unnecessary to say that we proceeded to make ready without delay. The most we had to do was change our clothes. We reappeared in the same dress we had on when we landed on the island, little faded or worn, for we had used the clothing and other materials found in abundance in the storehouse, saving our own for special occasions and this was a very special occasion.

We had been overcome with joy when the airship first arrived; but an indescribable feeling took possession of each of us as we prepared for our departure. Scarcely a word was spoken.

When the doors were finally closed behind us, Mary Vernon's eyes filled with tears and Collier seemed to have some difficulty with his throat.

We joined the Captain and, after climbing aboard the airship, prepared to pay him for our transportation. To our surprise, he refused to accept our money, either for himself, the government who owned the ship or the crew—stating that we might need all our meagre resources until we had become settled again. We were assigned to separate compartments and informed that our meals would be served in our rooms, but that, owing to the illness of one of his assistants, the Captain himself could give us little of his personal attention.

Almost before we realized it, we were up among the clouds, apparently standing still with the earth running away from us!

In the course of an hour, we were sufficiently composed to leave our compartments and visit the salon, which proved to be as attractively fitted up and as comfortable as that of an ocean liner in calm weather.

The night and following day passed without incident. About eight o'clock on the following evening, thousands of lights suddenly came in view—the lights of San Francisco! Within five minutes we were securely docked and again on American soil.

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On the pretext that we needed a few days of rest before taking up our several occupations in the world from which we had been so long removed, the Captain generously invited us to be

his guests at his home in the suburbs. Gratefully we accepted his invitation and were soon seated in the light automobile which was to carry us to our destination. We observed that it was a type identical to hundreds of others to be seen on every hand.

We drove through a short, crowded street—then into a main artery above which there was an elevated structure which we supposed was for trains. We drove up an incline, however, and discovered that it was a broad motor driveway which passed through the congested portion of the city and did not reach level ground again until far out. Here the roads were wide and beautiful, far surpassing anything we had ever before seen.

When I commented on the many wonderful civic improvements, the Captain volunteered the information that everywhere throughout the country an equal improvement could be noticed. Across the continent from North to South and from East to West, he said, paved thoroughfares, equally as good as the one we were passing over, had been built. I expressed my amazement, largely on account of the vast expense, but the Captain only smiled:

"Since you withdrew from the world in 1921," he said, "our whole conception has completely changed regarding economics and government. We have had our lessons and have profited by them. We foolishly spent, as you remember, twenty-five billions of dollars on a useless war—twenty-five billions of labor and the products of labor wasted on an insane folly. Since then we have arrived at the conclusion that we could bet-

ter spend our billions on necessary improvements and eliminate unnecessary waste. We were able to do this, and a thousand other necessary things, without much difficulty, for, if you remember, in 1921 we had seven millions of men idle and had, therefore, lost their productive power, not knowing how to place them to work. Now, all are at work and what appears to you as a miracle is only something very natural.

"In two years time, we squandered twenty-five billions in waste—for war. Have you ever considered what that expenditure of labor would have meant for the things of peace? With that amount, we could have built ten million homes worth two thousand five hundred dollars each, enough to house comfortably fifty millions of people; or we could have constructed five million miles of paved roads as good as the one you are now riding on—a road nearly long enough to reach to the moon.

"Under our present economic and social system—the system that came into being since you left America—we have had no unemployed and no drones in the hive—at least, if there are any drones, they receive very little honey and as a species they will soon be extinct."

Miss Vernon broke in at this point to ask how it happened that nearly every automobile that passed us was of the same inexpensive type as the one in which we were riding and why there were no limousines as in former years.

The Captain laughed heartily at the question. "I knew you would soon notice this change and have been wondering why you did not ask that

question sooner. To make a long story short," he went on, "if any person were to appear on the streets with a luxurious limousine now, instead of being the object of admiration and envy, as in your day, they now would be the object of pity, scorn or suspicion and all would ask: 'Where did he steal the money to get such an expensive machine?' In any case, such a display would be looked upon as vulgar and in bad taste."

The Captain saw that we were drinking in every word, but we noticed he carefully confined his remarks to perfectly obvious things, with only an occasional hint to prepare us for the greater revelations to come.

"I will explain the reason," he continued, "for the uniform type of automobile you now see everywhere. Our new government has realized that transportation is as vital to the people as air, land or sunshine. They, therefore, selected an efficient but inexpensive model for universal use and opened factories in all parts of the country to turn these machines out by the millions—at cost.

"You may remember that during 1913 Henry Ford, who used to manufacture automobiles in the city of Detroit, announced that he would soon deliver a car to the American consumer at $250. The war came on and instead the price was increased to $500.

"The car you are now riding in, which you will agree is satisfactory in every way, can be purchased today for less than one-half of the price promised by Ford in 1913. The price of this car, and the others you see everywhere, is in the neigh-

borhood of $125. Furthermore, there are now no styles in cars, as in 1921. They are all made for comfort and utility, thereby catering to the welfare and happiness of the greatest number of people.

"You will agree that the automobile is a necessity—would you not prefer to live under a system of government which makes it possible for five people to have a car of this type instead of one to have a car of the old Packard type, which represented wealth in its extreme form in those days? I am sure it is a much more pleasing sight to see all of our people sharing the advantages of such a wonderful means of transportation as the automobile, than to observe throngs of people standing in the rain, or blazing heat on street corners, wasting valuable time waiting for old-fashioned trolley cars—each filled with envy as an occasional ten thousand dollar limousine rolls by containing milady, her sensitive nose in the air. One such luxurious equipment represents sufficient money to supply the needs of twenty people (when properly distributed) instead of the whims of one."

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After an hour's ride, we arrived at the Captain's home—a neat and modest colonial bungalow of six or seven rooms, situated in the center of an attractive little garden.

We were cordially received by his wife who, no doubt, had been apprized of our coming. We were made to feel at home from the moment of our entry, the true essence of hospitality. And who can describe hospitality? Like the perfume of a rose, it cannot be conveyed in words. It is

rather an intoxicating emanation that puts the stranger at ease—by the fragrance of charity, the warmth of human affection and the light of understanding.

The Captain's household consisted of his wife, a fair rosy-cheeked daughter of five years and his wife's bachelor brother, a professor of economics in the University at Berkeley.

The Captain was not long in making known the essential details of our adventure, all of which brought forth every expression of sympathy from his wife and much interest from her brother, the professor. They all realized and appreciated what was uppermost in our minds. Their chief thought was how best to convey to us, in the shortest time, the world events of the past ten years. The task was delegated to the professor, who welcomed the opportunity of speaking to so interested and appreciative a little audience—for he himself had no small part in working out the details of the great social and political change that he was about to describe.

After dinner, at the professor's suggestion, we adjoined to the piazza. The night was delightfully warm. We seated ourselves in comfortable chairs while the professor arranged a number of printed pamphlets, as it appeared, for easy reference. Then, rather deliberately as though preparing for a sustained effort, he began:

CHAPTER VII

THE PROFESSOR'S STORY

As you can have little or no conception of what has taken place in the world within the last ten years, it will be necessary to begin at the beginning.

You will remember the devasting effect of the World War and the almost equally great calamity that followed it, the calamity of the Peace Settlement. As a result of these two scourges, Europe was rendered almost insane and, besides, hopelessly bankrupt.

Things drifted from bad to worse, with no effort by leadership of any kind to stop the drift to destruction. American leadership was utterly discredited, deemed by all Europe as infantile, selfish and insincere. Each country clung to its delusions and followed in the ambitious path of selfish nationalism in an atmosphere of envy, jealousy and hate.

The only country to make a sincere and enlightened effort to break her chains of bondage was Russia. That unfortunate country, you will remember, was rushed into war in 1914 by her ambitious rulers and, as a result of that war, was thoroughly beaten in the field and rendered bankrupt besides.

The Russian people took advantage of this condition to create a new order—free from the tyranny of both Czarism and Capitalism. While mourning for her millions slain, maimed and

wounded, with poverty and pestilence stalking up and down the land, these brave people began the erection of a new social and political structure. Instantly they were attacked on every side from without—without even the formality of a declaration of war. Capitalism inspired these attacks—the Capitalism of France, England and America. For months the Russian people saw their lands invaded, for reasons that were never made clear to them, and at times were compelled to fight on as many as seventeen battle fronts. All trade relations with the world were severed and the starvation process, which proved so successful in enforcing the will of the Allies on Germany, was adopted.

Thus, the most important experiment in the history of self-government was nullified by the might and power of autocratic Capitalism, which still held sway over the peoples of the world. But Capitalism little knew that it was riding to its fall.

France headed the forces which were to lead Europe to anarchy and ruin by endeavoring to enslave Germany and seeking her destruction.

Germany became unable to meet the obligations under the Treaty of Versailles and France used this as a pretext to seize a large portion of German territory. The workers of France protested but to no avail. A million men were thrown into Germany. The Poles took advantage of this condition of affairs and seized Silesia, then further took advantage of Russian poverty and took possession of a large strip of Russian territory.

England now became alarmed and declared war

on France. In spite of the protests of British workmen, a huge army was despatched to Germany. Europe was now ablaze! Uprisings took place in nearly every country. Open rebellion against all authority was soon the order of the day.

A reign of terror began in France. Public officials were shot down on the streets. Public buildings were blazing from one end of France to the other. Soon the cry was heard in France, England and Germany: "This is another Capitalist war—Wipe out Capitalism!"

A crowd of half a million men and women surrounded the French Chamber of Deputies. Reluctantly their spokesmen were admitted. The leader, Leon Vinet, stepped boldly on the rostrum and demanded to be heard. I am fortunate in having at hand a copy of his speech and will read it word for word:

"Servants of the Public:

"In behalf of the people, your masters, I come to you to make known their solemn and sovereign will. I present no credentials, signed and sealed, but if you doubt my authority, step to yon windows and let the sullen murmurs that will come to your ears be your answer.

"In behalf of the workers of France, the men and women who made France, I demand that you at once withdraw every French soldier from German soil. I demand that you immediately pass a law that never again, for any reason, will a soldier of France ever be compelled to pass beyond our frontier.

"In behalf of the workers of France, the peo-

ple of France, I demand that you cancel every dollar of the German indemnity. That indemnity has proved a curse instead of a blessing. We do not want German workers to toil for us—men and women who were no more guilty of the war than we.

"You have already collected billions of gold from Germany. Who got it? Not the producers. Every franc of it went to millionaire munition profiteers. You brought in cargoes of German goods. And what happened? Our factory bosses came to us and told us that, owing to the influx of German goods, the market was temporarily supplied and our services would no longer be required. Are the workmen of France to remain idle, and their families starve, while you collect your accursed indemnity!

"We do not want German territory, nor do we want Alsace-Lorraine—unless Alsace-Lorraine by a fair plebiscite decides to remain with us. Neither do we want German iron mines nor German coal mines. What do our Capitalist exploiters intend doing with these mines? Is it necessary that I should tell you? Are you so blind as not to see their aims and ambitions? With these mines they will exploit French labor for world markets. They will drive us into slavery to compete with England and Japan and England and Japan will enslave their people to compete with us.

"We do not want foreign markets for our surplus goods. Give us the right kind of an industrial system in this country and we will have no surplus goods, but those which we will barter on

fair terms for equal value in the natural products of other countries.

"Give us an industrial system whereby labor will receive out of the reservoir of wealth an equal amount of what it puts in and we will not have to find markets for our surplus commodities—there will be no surplus if we fill the bellies and cover the backs of our own people.

"In the name of the people of France, the producers of France, I demand:

"First: That you bring our soldiers home at once.

"Second: That you will never again use a citizen in military service for anything but self defense, within our own country.

"Third: That you give Alsace-Lorraine the privilege of declaring by vote with which country she wishes to unite.

"Fourth: That the German Indemnity be cancelled.

"Fifth: That all internal war debts be cancelled.

"Sixth: That you proceed at once, in conjunction with the representative producers of France, to make of this country a co-operative, profit-sharing commonwealth."

Scarcely had these demands been presented when a terrible outcry was heard from the streets. Someone in authority had ordered a company of soldiers to charge on the crowd. Hundreds were shot or trampled to death. Infuriated, the mob surged into the Chamber, drove the Deputies into the streets and took possession of the Assembly Rooms. Thousands invaded the Bourse and drove the members out on the streets.

The mob leaders seated themselves in the law-making chamber, declared for a co-operative commonwealth and proceeded to frame enactments to carry out that purpose.

The army, in the name of the President, was ordered to retake the Chamber of Deputies, but refused and, instead, joined the insurgents. A mob started for the President's official residence but, before it could be reached, he took flight, together with his cabinet, for Switzerland.

Practically the same thing took place in England for the workers of France, England and even Germany were working in unison. Before long, Europe was in the throes of a mighty revolution with its attendant horrors, bloodshed and destruction.

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The convulsion began to shake complacent America. Strike followed strike in rapid succession. Many thousand jobless war veterans joined the strikers and turbulent mobs.

One morning, placards were found on dead walls and billboards in every town, city and village from Atlantic to Pacific—demanding the establishment of a co-operative, profit-sharing commonwealth.

Capital became panic stricken. Was there no way that America, yet intact, could be saved the conflagrations which had engulfed their brethren in Europe? Capital was now willing to compromise—if a compromise was not too late. Leaders held hurried conferences in New York and decided to call a meeting of five hundred of their kind to be held five days later at the little

City of Marion, Ohio, which was central—and, at the same time, safe from interference.

Not a man was present who did not show, by his actions and speech, that he considered the capitalistic game was up. The only hope now was in their willingness to compromise—their disposition to divide with the real creators of wealth that which they had helped to create. They knew their adversaries had no desire to ruin the country, though in a sense it is often necessary to tear down a portion of the old, in order to bring forth the new.

Acting on this sure knowledge and conviction, they deemed it wise to ask for a compromise meeting. To this end they wired their henchmen in Congress and their good friend, the President, to ask for a conference of labor and capital, to the end that some new system might be devised, by constitutional means, by which the country might be saved from hardships and industrial justice might prevail.

The President took warmly to the idea, carefully pointing out in his proclamation that a movement such as this should have been started long ago. The invitation came as no surprise to the leaders of the industrial groups, but inspired some suspicion nevertheless. They notified the chief executive that his invitation would be accepted only on the following conditions:

First: That the meeting be held in Washington within ten days.

Second: That all governmental interests should be represented, including Congress, the President and Members of the Supreme Court.

Third: That every person entering the convention should pledge himself not to consider self or any selfish interests during the deliberations, but that his only thought should be to produce the greatest good for the greatest number.

Fourth: That the principles of co-operation and profit-sharing be recognized and the question of a co-operative commonwealth be considered seriously—on the principle, which was deemed axiomatic, that "He who does not work shall not eat, but he who cannot get work and he who cannot work must be fed."

The great convention followed. More than two thousand men and women, representing all walks of life, were in attendance. All members of the Congress and the Judges of the Supreme Court were present and the President, without opposition, was elected Chairman.

Without delay, the President requested that three leaders of the industrial groups be named who should present the views and aspirations of those who sought a change in the present order of things. An adjournment of one hour was ordered so that these men could be selected.

When the convention assembled, it was found that only one man had been chosen as the official spokesman for the purposes named. This man proved to be the head of the Producer's Federation.

When he ascended the platform to address the convention, he was cordially received by all. He began by showing the manifest unfairness of our present system, pointed out the enslaving and evil effects of capital, went deeply into the sub-

ject of unemployment and showed by figures the great gulf that had been created between the producer and the ultimate consumer. On that point he quoted the very figures announced by a committee of Congress, which had just then been published, to illustrate his contention. These figures showed that out of every hundred dollars spent by the American consumer, the producer received only thirty-seven dollars, while sixty-three dollars went for profits and service. These figures caused a marked sensation. He went on to explain the advantages of a co-operative, profit-sharing commonwealth. He closed by saying that those whom he represented only wanted what was fair. He realized that changing from a capitalistic system to the one he desired would bring a certain amount of suffering, but it would be the suffering of the few for the good of the many. It would be a new birth and all births are accompanied by suffering. It was his desire, and the desire of those whom he represented, to make the operation as painless as possible; and if all would work together unselfishly, there would be very little suffering for, after all was over, it would be discovered that even those who had suffered momentarily (more in mind than in body) would live to feel many times rewarded for what they had, at the time, reluctantly given up.

The speech was received with thunders of applause. It was noted that nearly everyone present showed evidence of approval.

It was several moments before anyone took the floor to address the meeting. The first was a Judge of the United States Supreme Court, who

complimented the speaker on his moderation and fairness and suggested that matters could be facilitated by the naming of a Committee of Fifty, who should get together and work out a plan, on the lines indicated by the previous speaker, and that the findings of this Committee be presented to Congress so that they might be enacted into laws. He urged further that Congress be hereby requested to follow the mandates of the Committee until the following election.

A vote was taken and carried with but few dissenting. The Committee of Fifty was named, with power to add to their numbers should occasion require, and the convention came to a close.

The best of feeling prevailed on every hand. The industrial groups were jubilant, but repressed their feelings. It was observed that the capitalistic group showed every evidence of relief.

The Committee began its duties the following day with a sense of the transcendent responsibility that had been placed on its shoulders—a responsibility and a trust that none had the least idea of evading. Each knew the sentiment of the world and the temper of America and his only thought was to register accurately, in legislation, public opinion and the public will.

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Their first act was to issue a proclamation addressed to the employers and the employees of the country.

Employers were to go ahead with their different enterprises as usual, not to slacken pro-

duction in any way, and were to send at once a detailed statement of their activities to Washington—with the further injunction that any effort to slacken production and discharge workmen, in anticipation of the coming change, would render their establishments liable to seizure by the government and subsequent operation as a public enterprise.

Employees were urged to increase production, forget their past grievances and be patient until such time as the Committee could perfect its legislative and executive machinery. They were reminded that the evils to be remedied had not been born in a day nor could they be cured in a day.

The proclamation ended with a stirring appeal for the loyal co-operation of all citizens while this important work was in progress.

As a result, industry and commerce went on largely as usual, many factories reporting increased production. Some owners of factories, however, did not take kindly to the new idea and promptly closed their establishments until conditions became settled. One of the largest of these was a chair factory in Philadelphia employing one thousand hands—another a clothing factory in Rochester employing fifteen hundred.

The Committee at once seized the factories, requesting the men to go back to work, and placed each factory in charge of an executive committee, consisting of the heads of different departments, with orders to run the business as usual and to hold themselves strictly accountable to the government until relieved of their duties.

The employees were told that these establishments, from then on, would be profit-sharing, which would necessitate a readjustment of wages. To this end an immediate wage reduction of one-third was made which was overcome or replaced by the sharing of profits, which were estimated to be much in excess of the third they had surrendered.

In ten days the Manager of the chair factory reported an increase of 15 per cent in output and the clothing factory reported an increase of 18 per cent.

Approximately one hundred factories in all stopped operations and were promptly taken over by the government. All wages were reduced by one-third, but profit-sharing was instituted in all cases. The principle laid down from the beginning, and the one that has been adhered to all the way through, is that a factory must first of all pay its employees a living wage, scientifically determined, then, after all costs had been deducted, divide the remaining profit amongst employees and management.

It was recognized that in the case of animals, such as horses, the owners of industry were obliged to provide food and shelter to conserve their strength and usefulness. Under the new system, the difference between the animal employed and the man employed was that the man worker, first of all, was guaranteed sufficient to keep him and his dependents in the necessities of life and then was assured something more than the animals received—share of the increase over cost (due to his labor) in the form of profits;

in other words, he was guaranteed a bare living, plus an honest share in the natural increase of wealth.

For the future information of the Committee, a survey was taken of the labor resources of the United States. All men between eighteen and fifty-nine were required to register in their respective localities. This was handled precisely in the same manner that the government conducted the selective draft during the great war.

Each person was required to state his age, present occupation and description of work performed, past experience and the kind of work he deemed himself best suited to perform. In this way, the government was in a position to call immediately on competent men, either for productive labor or for managerial capacity, to man and manage any plant or industry that had to be taken over by the government.

Each government industry was provided with sufficient funds, through the local banks, to temporarily finance the business.

It must be made plain here that it was not the wish of the Committee that the government take over or run any industry, outside of those that were purely of a public character, but stood ready to step in and take over any necessary industry when the original owners refused to co-operate on the plans decided upon.

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The most important announcement yet made related to the government plan to begin the erection of five hundred thousand houses to be sold on the installment plan, the time for payments to

run over a long period of years. Houses were to be sold at cost and sold independent of the land. So long as the purchaser paid a ground rent tax and kept up his installments reasonably, he had full use for all time of both the house and the land upon which it stood. The question of interest, for the present, was left in abeyance for future consideration, although it was hinted that the interest would be very nominal.

The committee also announced that a billion dollars would be spent at once for the construction of roads, bridges and for land reclamation throughout the country.

But the announcement which caused more interest than any yet promulgated was the manner in which these enterprises were to be financed.

All government expenditures were to be met by Labor Certificates in denominations of one to fifty dollars, based on actual labor performed for the State. Labor was to create value for the State equivalent to the total amount of money issued and the Certificates issued in payment were to be redeemable, not in useless gold, but in that practical unit of value in all lands—wheat—and later on by all products. (Detail of this will be given later.)

To this end, and for purposes I will later refer to, the Committee announced that all grain elevators would be taken over by the government and the price of wheat scientifically determined by government experts instead of Chicago speculators. In other words, the value of a bushel of wheat would be determined by the actual cost of producing that bushel of wheat—arrived at by the average cost of labor that went into the

creation of the average article produced in the country.

Now, I wish to say a word regarding the new basis for our currency.

Heretofore, mankind had gone down into the bowels of the earth and dug out a metal. Then, for so many grains of that metal they issued a paper Certificate and called it money. That Certificate was valuable for the reason that it represented so much labor.

Of course, you could not eat the gold or use it except for ornamentation. The gold was stored away in dark vaults and rarely ever saw the light of day. People did not want it and, although they could get it (or some of it at least) in return for their Certificates, they rarely ever asked for it.

For the reason that people never asked for the gold, excepting in very rare instances, some crafty men took advantage of this knowledge and through powers granted them by the government, proceeded to issue three Certificates against a given quantity of gold where only one Certificate was originally intended—then took these extra Certificates, loaned them to the people and lived and fattened on the profits that resulted therefrom.

It will be seen therefore, that in order to get a basis for Money before our present system came into effect, we had to give millions of days labor beneath the earth's surface.

But it must be kept in mind that it was labor that made gold valuable, made it "sacred." This is true, even though it proved useless for any purpose to sustain life after it was mined.

Now, the new money issued by the government

(the Labor Certificates) was also based on labor, but on labor which resulted in some good to humanity, not the kind that had to be stored away in dark vaults.

The people wanted roads and bridges, waste lands reclaimed and made productive. All these added real wealth to the country, wealth that made for human comforts and happiness.

Under the old system, a ten dollar bill or certificate was valuable and "sacred" because it represented labor in a form that was useful only as an ornament—then why not a ten dollar bill or certificate based on a tangible and useful product of labor?

The construction of necessary roads and public improvements began. The Committee had in mind two things—the creation of something for comfort and utility for the benefit of all the people and at the same time a means to effectually reduce unemployment, for thereby the country would increase its tangible wealth and, in addition, relief would be brought to thousands of distressed mortals who were then out of work.

Under the old system, the government went out and borrowed money as a private individual would do to pay for these improvements, agreeing to pay a certain rate of interest. A million dollars might be required on which they would agree to pay 5 per cent interest for a period of fifteen years.

It will be seen that, after the expiration of fifteen years, the sum of one million dollars in principal must be returned and another million in interest paid, making two millions in all—in other words, doubling the original cost of the

project. A million dollars was paid out for materials that entered into construction and labor for bringing the road into being. Another million went to a group that did not give an ounce of material or an hour's labor toward making the road a reality. This latter group "toiled not, neither did they spin" but, as a result of this transaction, arrayed themselves "like Solomon in all his glory"—while those who toiled and spun (when they were fortunate enough to be allowed to do so) had to content themselves with bare necessities, with no certainty that even these would be continuous.

Under the new order of things, a different procedure is followed:

The government, representing the people, decides that a new road is necessary. They know the people are willing to pay for it. The government proceeds with the enterprise, paying only for the labor and material entering into the road. To each laborer, at the expiration of each week's service, the government presents in payment a Labor Certificate representing his wages. This Certificate bears witness that the holder has performed a service for the nation, thereby adding a certain tangible amount of wealth to the community, in a form that the community may use and enjoy. In other words, this certificate is an order issued by Society as a whole to an individual, authorizing that individual to draw from the common wealth of Society an amount to be measured by its face value.

The community is prepared to redeem this Labor Certificate in like services, as represented by products.

The laborer with a ten dollar Certificate in his pocket merely holds a receipt for the ten dollars worth of service he gave to Society. Payment by Society is deferred until he presents his Certificate to Society for payment—not in other certificates but in products.

Each Labor Certificate sets forth that it has been issued for labor performed for the State, that it is legal tender for all debts, public and private, that it must be honored in the course of any transaction, that it will be accepted for all kinds of government taxes and, on demand at any government elevator, may be redeemed in wheat—or, provided the holder under oath signifies that he requires gold for foreign travel, redeemed in gold; and later on, redeemed in all necessary commodities at government stores.

In addition, the certificate serves notice that on and after a certain date these Labor Certificates will be the only money that will be accepted by the government in payment for taxes and that thereafter all taxes must be paid directly in currency and not by checks or gold or any other medium of exchange.

It will be noted that the new order left the old currency, based on gold, in circulation largely to cater to the whims of those who wanted something redeemable in gold. But it was soon realized that the most desirable of all currency was these Labor Certificates—one reason (among others that I will mention later) lay in the fact that they could be used for the payment of taxes and that no more of these labor notes would be in circulation at any time than were actually required to meet the gross yearly amount of national taxes.

It will be seen that such currency is intrinsically more valuable than the currency formerly used, for the reason that it takes the place of both bonds and money.

In your time, if a million dollar road had to be constructed, a million dollars in bonds was issued and these bonds then converted into currency. The public was thus obligated for both the bonds and the currency. Now their obligation is only for the currency, but this obligation is not a serious thing, for the reason that the public has already received full value to cover its obligation.

Neither can there be any inflation of currency. The new currency is not a fiat of the government. The government recognizes that it cannot *create* value but it can *pledge* value. Currency is issued, therefore, only on the basis of value for value—in other words, an order is issued in the name of the people to have something of value performed, for which they pledge themselves to pay by giving an equal value in labor. This currency, it will be seen, was issued for value received in behalf of the nation and in an amount not to exceed the total amount receivable in taxes levied by the government covering such expenditure.

It must be remembered that no matter how much money is issued in behalf of the State, for public improvements and public good, an equal amount must come back in taxes sufficient to cover the original expenditure. The government gives nothing to the people without being compensated therefor and spends nothing in the public behalf unless, in due time, it arranges to get every penny back in taxes. And for taxes they take back the

very Certificates that were previously issued as receipts for the labor involved.

The new form of currency adopted is valid for four reasons:

(1) It brings into being its face value in necessary things created for the enjoyment of all.

(2) It is redeemable in tax paying power.

(3) It is the only currency and the only form of money that will pay taxes.

(4) It is redeemable in wheat, the staff of life, whenever such redemption is demanded (but like gold, this proved a very rare occurrence) and later on in all the necessities of life—at government storehouses.

I have already stated that the Committee, through the government, announced that it proposed to spend a billion dollars for roads covering all parts of the country. Of course, there would come a time when these roads would be worn out and have to be replaced. Then, presumably, another billion dollars would be required for their replacement. It will interest you to know how the government, after spending the first billion for roads, provided a new billion to gradually replace these roads without issuing new currency.

First, through a body of experts the government determined the life of a mile of asphalt road—in other words, how many miles of automobile and truck travel it would take to wear the roads to a point where they had to be replaced. Then, they arrived at how much each vehicle owner should pay for each hundred miles of travel. Each machine owner was compelled to place on the wheels of his car a "milemeter"

locked so that it would not be tampered with. Once every six months owners are required to drive up to a government station and have the meter reading taken. They pay a tax according to the mileage shown—if ten thousand miles, the tax is ten times as much as in the case of the owner who has driven only a thousand miles. The road tax is collected in the same currency that was issued originally to build these roads and, in due time as the roads were being used and worn out, every dollar of the original currency that was issued comes back to the public treasury and is then ready to be respent for new roads or for repairs, without the necessity of issuing new currency.

It will be seen by this illustration that there is no danger of currency inflation—for the reason that such currency is spent only for things necessary for the public weal and is afterwards redeemable in taxes.

The same applies to the currency issued to pay for labor and materials in the construction of a billion dollars worth of houses, these houses being paid for on the installment plan. The government, first of all, spent the money for the construction of the houses, the labor and materials. Immediately thereafter payment installments began pouring into the public treasury in the very certificates that had been previously issued. In due course of time payments were received in full. This currency was then available to build new houses, if necessary, or it could be cancelled and destroyed.

In this transaction the only thing that is lost is labor—but in return completed dwellings are

found. The purchasers of houses did some form of work for Society in their immediate vicinity and extracted from Society dollars for their work. With these dollars, they paid the government for the houses purchased. Thus no old-time bond issues, with their attendant interest, are necessary. Bond issues are now obsolete.

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No doubt you are anxious to hear how the co-operative profit-sharing plan works out in business and industry, but before going into that phase I will tell you some things regarding the Committee of Fifty and its work, things which slowly prepared the way for our present system.

The work of the Committee, in one sense, was comparatively easy for it was given a free hand by the National Convention, backed by the full authority of Congress, the President and Justices of the Supreme Court. Besides, public sentiment was prepared for a change. The people knew that the old order, the capitalistic order, had broken down and must be replaced.

When you left America in 1921 there were nearly seven millions of idle workers in this country, but when the Committee of Fifty began its work, there were nearly ten millions. The suffering throughout the land beggared description. All classes were asking the question—"Why is it that a country capable of supplying three hundred millions of people with all the comforts of life (provided they work) cannot now support one hundred million who are willing and ready to work?" Nearly every man and woman began to see and understand that they were the victims of

a system that was holding them in perpetual slavery and, therefore, had definitely turned away from the old order. There were few so ignorant or so stupid as not to understand that such a system could not be continued—that it was doomed.

In an incredibly short time after the Committee got its machinery in operation, nearly every idle man was at work. Owing to the stimulus of a share in the profits of industry factories everywhere reported increased production but, owing to the increased purchasing power of the ten millions back at work and the increased purchasing power of the workers, who now shared liberally in the profits, extra production was necessary to supply the demands.

However, as time went on, the Committee faced a new problem, the problem of overproduction, and this, too, was soon solved—but not in the way the capitalist leaders would have solved it. You will remember that in case of overproduction under the old order, the factory owner walked out into the shop and coldly told his men that their services were no longer required—that there was now sufficient stock ahead and, until this surplus stock was used up, the factory would be idle; or if not completely idle, a certain number of men would be laid off. Of course, the unfortunates who were out of work were likewise out of bread.

When the Committee started its activities, the eight hour day prevailed throughout America, but this, it was soon found, produced an unhealthy supply of surplus goods in many lines. In order to correct matters, the Committee ordered that instead of the barbarous discharge of men, a seven hour day be established. Our present working

day is six hours, with a probability that it will soon be reduced to five. At the present time, six hours gives employment to the entire nation and produces sufficient for the wants of every man, woman and child in the country.

Nothing was done by haphazard, nor did the government allow industries to work in the dark. To this end an Employment Department was established, situated at Indianapolis near the center of population of America, and this department received regular reports from every operating concern, setting forth its daily production and its approximate surplus. If it was found that one industry was creating far beyond the legitimate needs of the people and another industry running behind, one of two methods was adopted to equalize matters—either the one that was running ahead was requested to reduce its hours of employment and the one behind to increase its hours of employment, or volunteers were asked to temporarily leave the industry that was creating the surplus and go over to the industry whose production was lagging. As in a war emergency, it was the single men who were expected to volunteer and usually they did volunteer. In this way, industry marched forward with an even front.

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It is unnecessary for me to tell you that, although given absolute powers, the Committee did not always find smooth sailing. The greatest difficulties they had to contend with were ignorance and selfishness. These were gradually overcome but they died hard.

These difficulties were mainly overcome by education. The Committee had learned something

from the war or, at least, from war propaganda. They had learned how, through lies, a peace loving people could be turned into howling, bloodthirsty fanatics. They reasoned that this being so, it was possible, by right approach and proper teaching, to produce the very opposite effect—by instilling into each one a regard for the rights and feelings of others, by explaining the enormity of the crime of greed, how happiness consists more in giving than in taking, and making it clear that the ever present motto should be "one for all and all for one."

The Committee started this work in the schools. They cut out many useless subjects and substituted others dealing with one's duty to Society. They discouraged rivalry and stopped forever the rewarding of unusual talent. They recognized that a certain child may have ten talents while another has but one. The child with ten talents, under the present system, is not given a gold medal and the other the booby prize.

All are made to understand that extra talents are gifts of Nature, gifts from God, and the child with ten talents is not so favored because his Maker thinks more of him that He does the child with but one talent. Our children are now taught that these extra talents are given in trust, not for the purpose of making it possible for their possessors to get ten times as much food, ten times as many clothes or ten times as many houses and money as those with but one talent, but that they may use them for the benefit of all who were apparently less favored by their Maker. Under this teaching, the children of today are putting their parents to shame.

Nor did the work stop with the schools. The influence of this teaching soon entered and permeated industry.

Four Minute Men were sent from theater to theater and from rostrum to rostrum—preaching the doctrine of co-operation and unselfishness.

They made even the most stupid and ignorant understand that if ever the new order were wrecked it would be on the rock of individual greed and selfishness. They showed that the old system was a pure and simple oligarchy, organized in such a way that industry remained in the hands of the few and not the many—that the few arbitrarily named the hours of labor and wages to be paid, the articles to be made, the styles to prevail, the price, kind and quality of everything we eat, wear and use—in fact, the few had everything to say and the many no voice whatever.

Formerly, the great mass of workers had no more to say in regard to these things than the horses or machinery employed in the same industry. But now all that is changed. Business has been democratized. Under the new order, the control of industry may be said to be in the hands of the few, like a passenger train is in the hands of the train crew. But industry today is not run *in the interests of the few* but (like the train crew, acting for the benefit of the passengers) the few who now control industry act in the interests of the many and thus receive the loyal co-operation of the many.

Our educational workers call attention to the fact that the old world was suffering from "talents" or rather the perversion of talents. Heretofore, man had capitalized his talents for

his own benefit and, as a result, succeeded in enslaving mankind. Often, one man with ten talents could encompass a thousand, each having but one talent—if there were no restraining hands. But today the reward for talent, ambition and an unusual industry is kept within due bounds.

It was found that some very industrious individuals were willing to work nine hours, where only six was required, endeavoring to make pay and a half. Under the old system, such an individual was looked upon as an exemplary citizen and a pattern to follow. But not so now. Society asks each and all to work six hours. To work less is not to do your share. To work more is to take the share that properly belongs to another. The worker who puts in three extra hours for nothing is regarded as a disturbing and useless "benefactor."

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You will be interested to know how the profits of industry are apportioned under our new system.

Even yet there are many things to be desired before we can have an equitable system of profit-sharing. Selfishness has not yet been eliminated, particularly among the older workers. The starved and kicked dog, even when surrounded by kindness and plenty, often exhibits his old self—but the younger generation is entering the ranks with new ideals, with no dread of poverty, with more consideration and more humaneness. They do not know what it is to worship the almighty dollar for now the dollar does not give one man very much advantage over another.

Under present conditions, every man who works

six hours a day is assured all the food he can eat, a good home to shelter him, plenty of time for recreation, amusements at almost no cost and a two weeks' vacation yearly. In addition, if he is sick he gets an allowance and at the age of fifty-eight a moderate pension. True, he can never hope to live in a mansion, but he need never live in a hovel. Both the hovel and the mansion will soon be things of the past.

But, you ask, upon what basis of calculation were these things arrived at? I shall endeavor to make that plain. The calculation was very simple but absolutely scientific and correct.

It was estimated that if every able-bodied man between the ages of eighteen and fifty-eight should work seven hours a day and the product of their labor be divided equitably between them (taking the family as a unit and all the people as one great family) inside of six months every man, woman and child in the country would be well fed, well clothed, would have plenty of time for study, recreation and amusements and, in addition, could liberally contribute to a common fund to keep in comfort, without work, all over fifty-eight years of age. And also, inside of three years every family would have a decent home, well and comfortably furnished, and that thereafter, but six hours a day of their labor would be necessary, instead of seven.

This fact having been arrived at, it was only necessary to compel a proper distribution of the wealth that labor produced and put in operation a means to curb the activities of those with extra talents who selfishly accumulated more than their just share.

It was found that if every man worked and got his share, and if all should share with some regard to equality, each head of a family would receive three thousand dollars a year—three thousand dollars worth of the products of labor.

It was found that a large family could live well, and more than well, on this amount and any excess would be both superfluous and extravagant.

Therefore, to keep the talented few from demanding a larger share of the profits of industry than was necessary for their own comfortable existence, thereby keeping the individual with but one talent from deriving his just share, the government inaugurated an income tax which provided no levy on incomes up to three thousand, five hundred dollars. On larger incomes, 50 per cent was levied on the first additional five hundred; then 99 per cent on all in excess of four thousand dollars, due allowance being made for extra large families and dependents.

The righteousness of this procedure will be apparent if you hold the conviction that both the hovel and the mansion must go, and its wisdom is best appreciated when applied to the problem of profit-sharing.

Had unlimited and unnecessary incomes been allowed in the new order, talent would have demanded and received a larger share of the profits as a reward for responsibility and management. But, with practically all of every income above four thousand dollars going to the government, such demands were greatly modified—for talented men preferred to see their fellow workers get a

larger share of the profit than see it go to the government.

While very few asked for an excessive share in the distribution of profits, certain concessions, such as honors, were accorded those with unusual talent, and as time goes on little objection to this is encountered. There were none, however, who did not receive from Society a decent living wage.

Technical business schools were established everywhere to fit men to serve as foremen and managers, but these students, while learning, are supported at the expense of the government, with the understanding that the knowledge they acquire is to be used, not for their own personal aggrandizement, but for the benefit of the community as a whole.

Thus, industry is enriched constantly and when an industry or concern falls behind, if investigation shows poor management, new blood is immediately infused.

After adopting an equitable profit-sharing scheme, it was the policy of the government to leave industry severely alone—unless circumstances made it imperative and necessary that an outside hand assume temporary guidance.

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It may be claimed that the new order was built on confiscation of capital. To some extent that is true, for otherwise (without confiscation) the old order would have been saddled on the world for all time.

There were many valid reasons for proceeding as outlined, but the most important lay in the fact that capital, as constituted under the old

order, was theft. Capital held ownership of all the real wealth of the country—the wealth that was produced by somebody else. Capital did not create an acre of land, did not improve that land, did not create a road, a sidewalk, a house or a public building or an ounce of food or clothing, yet it owned and controlled practically them all.

These all were created by the sweat and toil of labor as the bee makes honey—but like the bee, the honey (less sufficient to exist on) went to the owner of the hive.

One of the amazing things that will confront future generations of men is how such a state of affairs ever existed or was allowed to exist as long as it did.

The community existed off the results of labor (and entirely off this) and had a system been established whereby each laborer who contributed to the common weal could get out of the common fund, in the labor of others, an amount equal to what he put in all would have been well; but instead, a crafty class stepped in and slowly perfected a machine that divided and subdivided labor so that it could not function along simple co-operative lines—by degrees making society so complex that the man who had a bushel of potatoes to sell and desired a bushel of wheat and the man who had a bushel of wheat to sell and desired a bushel of potatoes could not come together without paying tribute to the class that stood between. This class became more important than even the producers of wealth. As an illustration, let me remind you again that in 1921, the year you left America, United States government experts reported that out of every hundred dollars expended by the

American consumer, production got only thirty-seven dollars—the other sixty-three dollars going to the "machine" for profits and service.

But how did all this come about? How did capital fasten itself so securely on production?

The capitalistic system was a lineal descendant of the baronial land ownership system of two centuries ago. Through the ownership of vast areas of land, in Great Britain particularly, the common people were kept in serfdom, all paying tribute to their "masters." As the powers of government increased, the powers of these barons were taken away. But just as the people were emerging from serfdom and given the right to own land, a new menace appeared. It began by enslaving those residing in the towns and cities and through them the land laborer and the small land owner. This menace was machinery. It first made itself felt in the opening decade of the last century.

The wealthy land owners, who were the real capitalists of those days, saw great future for recently invented machines or labor saving devices. The movement started in England as early as 1810. There was great economy in these machines and those who owned them could not only control trade, but could also conserve and control labor. In fact, from the very nature of things, they could be almost independent of labor.

Although these machines could be a blessing, if used for the common good, the economy which they now effected was reaped by the very few—by the men who owned and controlled them. They, therefore, became rich, powerful and overbearing and developed into our modern capitalists.

One of these machines could do the work of five to twenty men, the result being that thousands were thrown out of work and the balance became supplicants for the privilege of operating them—on the same terms that animals were employed, just sufficient to keep body and soul together.

Heretofore, the world had been dependent on the hand labor of men for their supplies and, therefore, men were of value. But with the introduction of machinery, men were relegated to the discard and he who owned a machine or group of machines was the all powerful being, the dictator.

Had these machines, the inventions of labor and created and assembled by the hands of labor, been used for the benefit of all instead of a group, the world never would have had the millionaire and the modern castle and the evils that the power of these millions produced.

Those who controlled the machine controlled industry and those who controlled industry controlled mankind.

The new order has succeeded in restoring to the people that which was intended for them and that which always should have belonged to them.

If restoring original rights is confiscation, let those who call it such make the most of it.

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When America spent her blood and treasure to free the slaves and smash the institutions of slavery, she did not compensate the slave owners. Neither did our present government fully compensate those representatives of capital who had reduced mankind to perpetual slavery.

But although the new order restored to the people their inherent rights and placed them in a position whereby they could help themselves without paying tribute to a non-producing class, yet our government made the change without taking from those they dispossessed anything that contributed to their real well-being or happiness.

The varied experiences of mankind shows that happiness does not spring from the possession of a superabundance of things, but rather from the use of things in moderation and that no happiness is complete that is not shared.

The cheapest thing in all the world is happiness, but there is nothing for which so high a price is paid and even then, usually, the counterfeit is purchased instead of the genuine.

True happiness cannot come from riches alone—nor anything in which all do not share. The lark sings in the meadow to the delight of passers-by. Captured and caged for individual use, it frets and dies.

The lark was for all; the machines were for all and the wealth which these machines created was for all.

The captured lark becomes songless and dies; the machine for lack of use rusts out, instead of wearing out, and unused wealth takes wings.

The government providentially stepped in and saved these people from themselves—took away responsibility by taking away superfluous riches—removed the burdens from the backs of their unhappy possessors. They left instead sufficient for every want, without the power to deprive others of the right to a fair share in what is produced.

In passing through this world, no one should expect or even desire more than that his wants shall be supplied; that he receive sufficient food, clothing and shelter, and that the legitimate aspirations of his mental and spiritual nature shall be supplied. It is greed to want more; if industrious, it is to be robbed to have less.

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Even before the year 1921, the Supreme Court of the United States paved the way for this so-called confiscation.

They approved the right of the government to take excessive profits and earnings. The only difference between the action of our government today and the previous order was one of degree.

They decided that the government could confiscate by means of an income tax, over and above a certain amount. We, at the present time, are only less liberal in the amount of income we allow.

Then again, in 1921, this Court stated that the government had a right to regulate rents, voicing the opinion that the interest of the few should give way to the good of the many.

In the present re-adjustment, the government made the operation as painless as possible. It gave each industry owner, so long as he lived, the choice of receiving one-third of the net profits from that industry or taking a pension not to exceed four thousand dollars yearly, an amount more than sufficient to keep his family in comfort—the pension, of course, to die with him.

If the industry were small, the pension offered was not so large as in the case of the owner of a large industry and the owner, therefore, would be obliged to remain with his business to insure

himself a good living and become eligible for the regular pension that all workers now receive after reaching the age of fifty-eight. However, the government examined each case separately and did full justice to all.

It will be seen that in no case could the owner of an industry, even on a profit-sharing basis, receive more than four thousand a year, for the reason that all excess income went to the government in the form of an income tax.

The expectation was that the entire industry of the country, over a period of years, would produce an even income for all workers. But it was found that in some years individual concerns would show large profits and in other years smaller profits; consequently, in the years that large profits were earned, over and above the highest income allowed by law, the profits were not immediately divided amongst the workers for the reason that such profits would only go into the hands of the government. Instead, they carried them over to the next year, so that, if the next year should show a reduction of profits, there would be a surplus to draw on to keep up the average income for the workers. The government allowed this (for the reasons named) but once in three years all excess surpluses that were accumulated, over and above that which guaranteed workmen and managers a legitimate annual income and appeared to be necessary for extensions and depreciation, was taken by the government for the public fund.

Thus, all industries are put on the same level—all considered equally useful, but none more profitable than others.

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Right here, let me tell you of some of the criticisms which were aimed at the new order.

It was claimed by some that the leveling of opportunities would check human progress. The progress these critics had in mind was exemplified by the mansion, the private railroad car, the limousine, the grand hotel with its million dollar suites, Fifth Avenue, exclusive clubs and extensive private golf courses. With them, progress did not represent the development of some gift of nature or genius for the use and enjoyment of all. Neither did it represent symmetry, fraternity nor co-operation, but rather the unlimited purchasing and creative power of the almighty dollar for the limited few. They forget that the true progress of mankind is like the safe progress of a fleet and should be regulated by its slowest and weakest vessels.

Human progress has relegated to the rear the spinning wheel of our grandmother and proclaimed the loom—but in spite of this, if millions of men are yet enslaved, with backs still ragged and bare, then we have had no progress.

There is no progress that is not starward, where all are within shouting distance of the leader. There is no progress unless shared, like the air and sunshine, by humanity in the aggregate.

True progress is from birth to death—we cast off the old to take on the new. And that birth may be in a manger and that death on a scaffold.

Really, what the new order has accomplished is to take away the opportunity of the few to interfere with the uniform progress of the many.

The curbing of "talent" under the new order consists only in curbing those who selfishly use

their talents to gratify their own inordinate ambitions.

True, it has killed off many a so-called millionaire "patron" of art. No longer will the pampered and spoiled artist ride around in the livery and trappings of the rich but, while this is so, thousands of his kind are no longer compelled to exist in Grub Street.

No matter what may be said to the contrary, an artist can do better work on a full stomach than on an empty one. It is difficult, even for a genius, to feel inspired, let alone bring that inspiration into being while listening for the knock of the landlord.

Art cannot flourish on poverty; likewise it wilts like some delicate flower if the soil is too rich.

But where we formerly had one lavish millionaire art patron we now have hundreds who may patronize in moderation. But in so doing they will not buy a name, nor will they prize a masterpiece for its cost, but rather that it honors and expresses the religion of nature.

The artist, who has the spirit within him, does not need a millionaire patron but will, like the little canary in my study, bring forth the song that is in his heart, even on seed and water.

Necessity, not great rewards, is the mother of invention and progress. The world's necessity is seen by the true inventor and he can no more stay his God given talents than my beautiful little bird can withhold his song.

Of course there were those in the beginning, who thought that anything near an equality in pay in industry would mitigate against production. They proved mistaken. It will be admitted

that most any American who felt in any way competent to fill the high office of the Presidency of the United States, for instance, would take that position and give the best that was in him, even on a salary of four thousand a year, in preference to the Presidency of an automobile factory or that of a boss carpenter or day laborer at one hundred thousand a year. A technical worker in intricate machinery, even at the same pay, would still refuse to change positions with a lathe hand or floor sweeper.

Nowhere do we find greater devotion to duty than in an army in time of war where all work really on a common equality insofar as money reward. Under these conditions, we find engineers, for instance, who in their profession, had commanded as high as fifty thousand a year, do equally enlightened work on a salary of a hundred dollars a month.

Even with equal pay, men will gravitate to the work that gives best expression to their being. The born leader or manager will be a leader or manager—the lathe hand will be a lathe hand; and the lathe hand, too, is important, for without him, the industrial machine would not function, no more than it would function without a manager.

Of course in the new order, men are placed, as formerly in positions best fitted to their tastes and acquirements—this being scientifically settled by a committee of workers and managers—the ones who are usually interested in seeing that every unit is given the power to fully express itself.

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But to return to the Committee of Fifty and their work:

The next important step was to take over the banking interests of the country.

It was long recognized that many of the evils of modern society could be traced directly to bankers and banking.

When one looks back and views that institution known as modern banking, studies its intricate workings, its serpent-like coilings and re-coilings, its expansive smile in fair weather, its terrible frown when the sun ceases to shine, its merciless strangulations and decapitations, its sleight of hand performance, its pitiless and almost superhuman power—well might he ask, what manner of demon is this?

Governments trembled at its frown. Industry showered tribute for its favor. Hat in hand, Church and State alike approached it.

From whence did it derive these titanic, superhuman and inhuman powers? From the very thing that it then enslaved—the government.

Do you believe in miracles?—in the creation of something from almost nothing?—and then the building on to that "something" of the most powerful machine in the world? If you do not, examine the banking system—that Goliath that the new order with a David sling felled to the earth.

Behold the banking miracle!

The first great American miracle worker was Alexander Hamilton, arch enemy of Democracy and lover of centralized, kingly power. He it was who created the financial system which was responsible for the bringing in of that brood of vul-

tures who for nearly a century and a half fed and fattened on both production and distribution, leaving in their wake not only their well plucked victims but also skeletons beyond count.

The founders of this government, in their wisdom, created a republic instead of a democracy.

A republic is a democracy with an autocratic string tied to it.

We have lots of liberty, so long as we play around within the narrow limits which the constitution permits but, if we seek to get beyond these limits, we are suddenly jerked up by a rope held in hands as autocratic as any king or potentate.

We boasted of our liberty under the old order. But the peoples of many a European monarchy in some respects had greater liberty than we. Our people never were their own masters—they were, in many respects, bound hand and foot.

Was the will of the people supreme? Not a bit of it. Was their voice the supreme mandate? If you were so deluded in thinking, weigh well the following:

In a democracy the voice of the people, whether directly expressed or through accredited representatives, should become the law of the land. No other will should intervene—no power should say them nay.

Under the old order, every man and woman in the entire country could decide they wanted a given law and, in obedience to their demand, Congress could pass that law and the President sign it—but all this did not assure them the law in question nor was it any valid reason why they should have it. They were told boldly and

plainly by the Supreme Court that the unanimous wish of the public as expressed in legislation did not constitute a reason or a right why they should have what they wanted—all that was determined by a body of men who met in Philadelphia one hundred fifty years ago and what they thought or had to say regarding it. Can you imagine anything more absurd, more autocratic or more inane!

One of this select body of men was Alexander Hamilton, the arch intellectual who assisted not only in tying the hands of future generations, with respect to their wishes and aspirations, but who forced upon them, at the same time, a financial institution which was vested with the most autocratic and enslaving powers.

And by what process, what wave of the magician's wand, has this evil spirit been brought forth?—this evil spirit that can turn water into wine, a small heap of gold into a mountain of currency and make of that currency the breath of commercial, industrial and domestic life?

They took a few grains of yellow metal and they called it a dollar. They took that dollar and put it in a vault—as they would something that was dead. They multiplied it by issuing dollar bills. They loaned out these multiplied bills at interest and in exchange they received bonds and notes, government and otherwise. They took these bonds and notes and used them as security for issuing more dollar bills (five dollar bills and hundred dollar bills)—then put these out again at interest in their multiplied form. At required intervals, they went back into the labor market, bought gold dollars at their face value with paper

dollars and multiplied them again into paper dollars.

All this was performed by bands of private speculators who, in marble palaces and under names bearing high sounding national titles, operated banks for private profit—and in the hollow of their hands was the keeping of the life and death of industry.

And surrounding these, often attached to them as a result of their operations, there came into being a brood of speculators, brokers, financiers, stock jobbers and scalpers—camp followers of the demon who lived and preyed on industry.

Many and varied were the forms that this money tyranny assumed.

Under the old system, the government left the country at the mercy of the bank. It could advance money to one and withhold it from another. It could extend credit to an industry or a business house and, in the face of unimpaired security, could arbitrarily call the loan and throw that concern into bankruptcy. Through manipulations of boards of directors, one concern could obtain favors and use their private influence to ruin a competitor—by seeking to withhold from him the bank's favor. With a stroke of a pen, the banker could make an industry; by another stroke, he could arbitrarily lay another industry in ruins.

There was no solution of the money question under capitalism, controlled by speculative groups, who played the game for their own pockets, for position, for power and often for revenge.

The government, therefore, was compelled to

take over the banks and run them in the interest of the whole people as, for example, it runs the postoffice.

It was necessary to inaugurate a campaign of education amongst the masses for the purpose of showing the evils of the old system of banking, the functions of money and the life sapping nature of "interest."

As regards the functions of money, it was made plain that money (which, in the beginning, was only intended as a medium to facilitate the exchange of one product for another and replace barter) had been diverted from its original function and given more powers than the article that it was intended to measure or exchange. In other words, money, the measure of value, had become more important than money's worth.

Society had become so complex that nothing could be exchanged without money, even when individuals or groups had articles to be exchanged, and this condition was taken advantage of by centralizing money and making of it a commodity, instead of a measure as was originally intended.

That which was to facilitate the transfer of a product of one individual's labor for that of another's, or the labor of one group for that of another group, was assembled by the banks into formidable piles as merchandise and loaned out to those who sought to make such transfers—in other words, a third group of non-producers made its appearance in business and insisted that, before two producing groups could exchange their products, tribute in the form of interest must be paid to them.

It has been claimed that interest is the reward

of thrift. That was false on the face of it, for the reason that for every dollar received in interest by the thrifty producer, ten dollars went into the pocket of the parasitical non-producer.

And even the thrifty producer was not in every respect a good member of society, for the reason that his thrift consisted in producing more than he consumed, exchanging his surplus products for money and refusing to let others labor equally for him so that the account could be squared—insisting on taking money instead of labor or products, then putting this money out at interest and in the course of ten or fifteen years coming back to society and demanding double the amount he originally should have had on the ground "that he has waited." He became a parasite as well as a producer, which of course, was better than being all parasite. He was among those who lived partly on production and partly on interest.

Interest, then, was not a reward of thrift but rather the reward for deferred payments. But should deferred payments be so handsomely rewarded?

If a person is in possession of a ten dollar bill, if he has come by it honestly it means that he has created something for society and has delivered to society that something. The ten dollar bill is evidence of that delivery and not only evidence but an agreement on the part of Society that it will give to the holder, on demand, ten dollars' worth of its labor or products in return. Society stood ready and willing to make the delivery and redeem its obligations. It would have been better for Society had the holder presented his ten dollar bill for redemption at once. Choosing to

redeem it at some time in the future would be suiting his own convenience and his own pleasure and not Society's convenience or pleasure. On the contrary, Society had favored him by not demanding that he immediately present his bank note for redemption in goods or service.

At any rate, in choosing to wait, the holder was consulting his own interests and not the interests of Society. But instead of accepting this as a favor, he proceeded to take advantage of the situation. He put his ten dollar bill out at interest and in ten or fifteen years it doubled in volume. Then, at the expiration of ten or fifteen years, he had two bills in his possession, one representing his original ten dollar principal and the other the ten dollars collected as interest, making twenty dollars in all. He then returned to Society and demanded twenty dollars' worth of their products or their labor where he originally was entitled to only ten dollars worth.

And that is how interest operated.

All fair minded people have come to see that if a man is offered his pay, and finds it more convenient to wait for its delivery until a later date, he is not entitled to a reward for waiting.

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The first order by government, after taking over the banks, was that thereafter all interest would be illegal; and that insofar as the public was concerned money would be used not as a commodity, but merely as an instrument of transfer of commodities or service.

This meant that if an individual (or firm) sold an article and received money for it, that money was only a measure of the amount of products or

service he was entitled to receive in return. He could redeem it at once (for Society stood ready and waiting to serve him) or he could wait his convenience, but if he waited he was not to receive an extra reward for waiting in the form of interest.

In taking over the banks, the government inaugurated a very comprehensive scheme for finance. The government became the financiers of the country, not for profit but for service—at cost.

In order to finance properly and adequately, a large volume of currency was necessary—this volume to expand and contract accordingly as business expanded and contracted.

It was deemed that the only quality this currency should have was simply to facilitate the transfer of products and at the same time be redeemable in the necessities of life—not by fiat, but in fact.

In the beginning, the new government issued money for labor performed, redeemable in tax paying power and also in wheat. That currency proved even more popular than the old currency issued on gold.

In addition to this labor currency, the government issued a new series, redeemable in the necessities of life and based on unquestioned, tangible securities, thereby making all currency redeemable in products.

To carry out this scheme and to stabilize currency and the necessities of life, the government established in every village, town and city, throughout the country, small and great stores to handle all living necessities and even some merchandise bordering on luxuries. These gov-

ernment stores operate on a 12 per cent margin of profit. Of course, this profit is really shared by the people for, besides paying government expenses, it eventually comes back to them again in the payment of sick dues and old age pensions.

These stores serve two purposes. They guarantee the consumer good goods on a small margin of profit and serve as public storehouses where government money may be redeemed. You will find these stores so equipped and stocked that a family may obtain a complete supply of everything it needs for all its real wants, without going to a private store.

It will be most interesting to know how the new plan works out in practice and, in order to make it clear, I will have to go into some detail.

For instance, in this little town where we are now, we have a government bank and a government storehouse. The bank started a few days before the store was opened. The government store began accumulating a large stock of merchandise. The government bank placed a certain amount of money to the credit of the government store. However, the store manager could not draw from this bank account until he had an equivalent value in goods in the store, nor could the manager of the bank permit any currency to be paid out until he knew there was an equivalent in goods or products in the store.

The money put in circulation under these conditions was acceptable to the people for the reason that it could be used to pay taxes, that it was by law a legal tender for all debts, either public or private, that it would pay for postage or government transportation and, last but not least, it was

redeemable at face value in the necessities of life at these government stores.

So William Smith, a farmer, drives up to the government store with a load of potatoes and sells these potatoes for thirty dollars. He is given a check for that amount. He goes to the government bank and receives its equivalent in government currency. He goes back to the government store and exchanges it for thirty dollars' worth of merchandise at a fair price and goes home, happy. The store manager deposits the thirty dollars in the bank the next morning. The currency is replaced, William Smith has his merchandise and the housewives of the town are cooking William Smith's potatoes for breakfast.

Take another example: The government store manager orders two thousand dollars' worth of shoes from a local shoe factory. These are delivered and a check given. The check is presented at the local government bank and its equivalent in currency credited to the account of the shoe concern. One thousand dollars is drawn out to pay wages which in due time will be spent locally by the wage earner and eventually will come back to the local bank. The other thousand circulates through a somewhat different channel. The shoe company buys leather in Chicago, giving the leather manufacturer a check for the thousand dollars worth of leather delivered. The check is presented to the government bank in Chicago and its equivalent in currency credited to the account of the leather concern. The currency used in this transaction, however, is charged against our local government bank. In due time, the local shoe manufacturer ships a thousand dollars worth of

shoes to Chicago and presents its receipt therefor to the local bank which credits its equivalent in currency to the shoe manufacturer. This currency is charged to the account of the Chicago government bank and all obligations between the two banks are thereby cancelled.

Thus, it will be seen, all parties have been served, no matter where located—whether in this little town of ours or in the remotest corner of the country, without the aid of "capital."

"But," you say, "what happens if some of the employees of the shoe factory decide to save a part of their money and hold it out of circulation by not depositing it in the bank, as the bank does not encourage deposits by giving interest?"

In that case nothing of importance happens. This is only a case of deferred payment. Whether the money is deposited in the bank or held personally by the holder of the money in question, the goods are ready for the holder of these government certificates any time he chooses to call for them. Nor does it make any difference if he spends his money in a private store, as it all comes back to be credited to the private storekeeper who, by the way, has an account at the government bank, all other banks having disappeared.

Now, before passing on, I desire to make the question of "deposits" quite clear.

I told you that the banks pay no interest, nor do they solicit any deposits as banks used to do under the old system.

With the new order, *money* is not *value*—it is not a commodity. Its value ends, if it has any value, when it serves in the exchange of one commodity for another, or one service for another.

When our local shoe manufacturer gives James Jones a fifty dollar government bill as his salary and his share of the profits, this fifty dollar bill is only a measure of the value of James Jones' earnings. It is simply a due bill on Society (or on the government store) setting forth the amount he is entitled to receive in exchange for his labor. He can redeem at once or he can await his pleasure.

Then why should the government be so absurd as to pay Jones anything extra for the use of his certificate—his money?

In fact, instead of encouraging Jones to save the certificate, by paying him a premium in the form of interest, they should properly penalize him in some way for not spending it or redeeming it, for is not Society ready and eager to redeem his certificate in other labor or the products of other labor?

The error of the old system lay in the fact that the saving of "money" was considered an act of virtue and, in addition, that it added wealth to the community.

The fact is that when the banks of your day had the most money on deposit, that was the time when there was the *least* real wealth in the country—the least goods or products, as exemplified in 1921. These deposits or savings did not add one cubit of stature to the real wealth which people could appropriate and enjoy. It only added "claims" on Society; in other words, promises to pay without the real goods to pay in.

Of course, under the old system, savings for the future were necessary. Private provisions for sickness, unemployment and old age were imperative. But now, savings, except for im-

mediate needs, are unnecessary. If a wage earner is ill, he has a government allowance; there is no unemployment, and we have old age pensions.

All the old time horror of the future is dead. Society does its perfect work today and, having done that, knows that the future will take care of itself.

The government sees to it that reasonable surpluses are carried over from year to year (food, etc.) to guard against shortage—and that is all.

Having done this, and having seen to it that there is a just distribution of wealth, the government or the people have no further concern and the future will, therefore, take care of itself.

The problem from now on is comparatively easy. Six hours work, under present conditions, by all who are willing and able to work produces all the necessities of life and many of the luxuries for every man, woman and child in the country. This includes the care of those who, through sickness or accident, are unable to work and those over fifty-eight years of age who receive a pension. In addition to this a healthy surplus of products is always kept in reserve.

Neither the government nor individuals are compelled to lie awake nights seeking and planning for new markets. Our market now consists of the healthy demand of all our people. Our supply consists of the production of six hours labor of all the people, with a fair prospect that in time this will be reduced to five hours.

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The activities of the government banks do not end with the financing of government stores. Their activities are both broad and enlightening.

They extend help to individuals and industries where such help seems necessary for the common good.

If new machinery or extensions are necessary, money is advanced on approved security. This accumulated security (or community wealth) is made the basis for the issuance of more money—all redeemable as heretofore outlined. The new circulating medium is never extremely voluminous for the reason that it is never stagnated. It circulates freely, while performing its exchange function, it is neither an asset nor a liability when in the hands of the government and government banks. In the hand of the individual it is simply a due bill until redeemed.

There is one thing that the government, at the present time, sternly and consistently refuses to do. It never will advance money to create competitive enterprises or for unnecessary extensions. Where an existing enterprise, properly financed, supplies the market, it is made to serve and is encouraged—never allowed to be ruined or hampered by unnecessary competition. If unnecessary competition does come into being, it is not by reason of government sanction or government encouragement.

The government bank managers are constantly supplied with data by government experts and are never left in the dark regarding local or national conditions.

In the battle of life thinking men have come to realize that the human machine, like a warring army, must have organization and co-ordination.

In time of war, the state does not leave its defenders to their own initiative and resources, but

equips them with every known implement for defense and attack. Any other policy would be suicidal.

But, heretofore, the government's activities stopped there. In the great battle of life, the struggle for existence in that terrible conflict in which human beings go down to defeat and death in greater numbers than in war, the government extended no helping hand. They were without thought, without plan and without concern.

But now, no individual or necessary industry is allowed to languish and die for need of "fighting" tools or equipment.

By seeing to it that the work of each individual reaches the highest point of productivity, the highest point of production in the aggregate is reached and, therefore, the shortest hours for labor required.

And right here let me call your attention to how production was increased by the proper regulation and reward of labor. Under the old order labor was in the main dissatisfied with conditions and was constantly on the move to better itself. The constant loss to production, from this cause alone, was enormous. For example, in 1913 the Ford Automobile Company of Detroit, Michigan, hired 52,445 men and 50,448 left the company's employ. The average length of time that each man worked was but three months. When a minimum wage of $5.00 a day was established only 3,000 men left the Ford employ in a year. On scientific examination it was discovered that it cost the company $80.25 for the change of each employee, or a loss of $4,000,000. The minimum wage of $5.00 a day saved the Ford Company in the cost of exchange

of employees millions of dollars—increased the efficiency of the workers 44 per cent and reduced the working hours 20 per cent.

The assistance the government gives, by way of money loaned, is repaid by increased production of products which find their way into the government and private stores. Here the consumer redeems the very currency that was the means of turning on the power current of production. But it must be remembered that money alone is not the power. It is but the key that unlocks the latent power of production—enables it to function and bring forth fruit.

Under the new order this key was wrested from Capital; and justly so. Was not Capital guilty of many crimes other than the laying of the toll of the brigand on industry?

Having industry in its grasp Capital always had it in its power to deny labor the right to labor. It held the magic key to production. At the behest of one man this key could be turned so that a whole countryside be left in idleness and want. At his pleasure these slaves were again at his service.

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It is unnecessary to tell you that the government has taken over the railroads, oil wells and all public utilities, operating them for the benefit of all.

Government employees are paid wholly in wages, there being no profit in these purely government industries. The wage paid is computed on what the average worker would obtain in other employment requiring equal skill and hours. In every case, the minimum wage paid is sufficient

to cover the cost of proper living. This is equally true in all industries—government or otherwise.

We have, as you will understand, occupations in which disagreeable, dirty and hazardous work must be performed. Naturally, it would appear that all would seek to avoid this class of work when almost equal pay is received for all kinds of work. This difficulty is solved by regulating the hours of employment.

There are disagreeable jobs that are now being done on the basis of a three-hour day and some where only two hours is required. These jobs are open to all alike and are made attractive by shorter hours, not more pay.

It will be seen that, in order to perform all the disagreeable work necessary, owing to shorter hours a larger number of workers must be employed to perform such work. This depletes the ranks of those engaged in the agreeable jobs. Choosing an agreeable job, therefore, requires longer hours to fill the vacuum caused by the exodus of labor attracted by the shorter hours.

The reward for disagreeable, undesirable work is not extra pay, but shorter hours. The penalty for choosing agreeable jobs is not less pay, but longer hours. And so the labor machine adjusts itself to the needs of industry.

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Before leaving this subject, I must call your attention to the method employed to bring about closer co-operation between farm and factory.

The farmer's work is not uniform in its demands upon labor. He has his very busy season and then for months he is almost idle. During this extra busy season he is at his wit's end to

save his crops; during the idle season, how to employ his time.

With good roads everywhere, universal use of the automobile and cheap oil and gasoline, farm and factory are brought almost together.

During the winter months, the government has arranged with industrial enterprises to use the labor of the farmer and the farm hand and in spring and summer a volunteer contingent is taken from the factories and put to work on the farms.

I could cite many instances of like enlightened activity, but I do not deem it necessary.

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The government concerns itself with questions of production, distribution, hours of labor, education, amusements and recreations.

Taxes are levied to meet all requirements. These taxes are in every sense direct.

No custom duties or protective tariffs are permitted.

The government insists that the measure of America's exports shall consist of an equal amount of imports from abroad—products for products, not money for products.

When an American ship starts out (for instance to Liverpool) laden with American products, that ship must return with an equal quantity, by value, of British products. In this exchange, they demand labor for labor, products for products. They demand the substance, not the shadow expressed in terms of money or credit.

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Recapitulating in detail the outstanding facts of our present financial system; we find that

(1) The government issues no more currency for any public undertaking than it expects to get back in payment as taxes.

(2) Government banks issue no more money to government stores, private enterprises or individuals than they receive back again, dollar for dollar.

(3) Government stores expend no money for goods or products that they do not get back dollar for dollar in receipts, plus operating expenses.

(4) Currency put in circulation by the government or the government banks not only performs the direct object in mind, but it also flows through every artery and channel of trade, government or otherwise, exchanging labor for labor and products for products, before returning to the source of its issue.

(5) Goods and products in government stores serve as stabilizers for currency by constantly redeeming this currency, not in useless gold, but in the every day necessities of life. This redemption is never excessive—never exceeds the normal wants of the people. There is never a "run" on the government stores to redeem currency in goods or products, lest the government "fail."

(6) Currency of this character meets all the requirements of the people for exchange, and for every business need and activity of life, without paying tribute to some master. The only master to be served is the people themselves, as exemplified in their government.

The basis for currency is community wealth, natural resources plus labor, expressed in terms of necessary products.

In this way, private capital and capitalism has been thrown into the discard, along with the spinning-wheel of our great, great-grandmothers, and the spark-flint of our great, great-grandfathers.

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You will readily understand that the revenue of the country must be large, owing to old age pensions, etc., but it is easily met.

For instance, the government builds and controls all the roads throughout the country. Their expenditures are met by a direct tax on all automobiles and trucks, payable according to the number of miles traveled. A graduated land tax is in operation, representing the value of the privilege enjoyed. This tax is at present the largest source of revenue for the government.

This land tax, owing to its penalty, in the case of large acreage, has a tendency of reducing the number of acres cultivated by one individual and creating a larger number of farms, each, of course, having a smaller number of acres. The result of this has been increased production, due to better cultivation. In many cases it has been found, that due to this one cause alone, double the volume of production has resulted—one acre properly cultivated, often producing as much as two acres previously.

Denmark had given the American farmer a scientific lesson. On vastly inferior soil, Denmark exported annually, nearly twenty dollars for each acre of her land, in addition to the amount she consumed herself.

The evil of farm tenantcy was also in addition, done away with. This was accomplished by passing a law that no one could control, much less

own, land that he did not personally use or cultivate.

No tax is placed on houses or other building whatsoever, simply on the land.

When the new order came into effect, no houses or their contents were taken over by the government, but remained with their occupants.

Under the new law, these houses and their contents may be willed to a member or members of an immediate family, such as wife, sons and daughters. Where no immediate relations exist, or where none can make use of it, the house reverts to the state.

Except to a limited extent, inheritances are not allowed and then only in the case of dependents.

Inheritances are not necessary in the new order.

Sensible people would rather entrust the future of their children in the keeping of a Society that guarantees a good living to all who work and, in case of sickness or accident, provides an allowance or old age pension, than to trust them to a Society that is wolfish in its nature—in which a fortune might be stolen or dissipated, leaving the beneficiary helpless and in want.

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The new order exploded many old theories. It soon became evident that products—the necessities of life—were all that the people desired as a basis for a circulating medium.

They had a recent example that large quantities of gold added nothing to human happiness.

The year before the new order came in, we had in this country, the stupendous amount of five thousand million dollars in gold piled in the vaults of our treasury and yet, insofar as industry was

concerned and so far as the ten millions of unemployed were concerned, this gold might just as well have been at the bottom of the Dead Sea.

Even with all this gold, if every bank note holder, bond holder, and bank depositor had wished to convert his holdings into gold, he could not have gotten ten cents on the dollar in that metal.

The whole thing was a huge fraud and only had to be analyzed and dissected to understand its fraudulent character.

Another error dispelled was the contention that, in order to have full production, some labor must be rewarded far beyond that of others. Where that proved true in an isolated case, the very opposite obtained in the majority of cases for the majority were benefited by the change and, therefore, responded with increased production.

This increased production is attributable to many things, one of the important being absence of strikes.

You will readily understand that under our new order we have no strikes with their attendant loss to Society.

That weapon is of no further use; indeed, if it ever was of use.

It was at best, both a blind and a stupid way of attaining desired ends. Samson-like, labor often tore away the pillars that held the structure over their own heads and they themselves, were crushed in the ruins.

Under the old system, the workers, in order to bring their employers to terms, refused to work; that is to say, they cut off their own means of subsistence, in order to force their employers to

terms by attempting to cut off their employers' means of subsistence. That procedure did not show that labor displayed even common sense, let alone intelligence of a high order; for what progress can be made, if you, in your efforts, injure yourself more than you do your adversary? Labor lived from hand to mouth, and capital from an immense reservoir of wealth. A few weeks of strike, invariably brought labor to the verge of starvation, and usually gave capital a holiday on a full stomach.

In fact, a strike often worked to the benefit of capital. The factory frequently used the idle period to make necessary general repairs to machinery; or to get rid of surplus goods so that the new stock could be sold at higher prices.

In addition, the unemployed class served capital well at such a juncture as this, in that it constituted capital's reserve army; which it could call upon at any time to crush strikes, or replace labor that did not act in the way that capital desired.

The unemployed were usually camp followers of industry, compelled by circumstances—even for a loaf of bread—to help cut the throats of their own brother workers, and that all for the benefit of an enemy class.

It will be seen that the strike was a very doubtful weapon for labor's good; but whether useful or not, for attaining labor's ends, it is not now necessary.

But, in this connection, it must never be forgotten, that capital's well-being and security could only exist so long as a measure of unemployment existed.

A margin of unemployment was always necessary to keep labor in check. Were all employed, or if there were more jobs than men to fill them, then one capitalistic employer had to compete with another capitalistic employer, for labor, and the price of labor would go soaring; and in order to counteract this, Capital had to raise the price of its products in order to keep ahead of labor's demands. In other words, we would witness a race between the price of labor and the price of products, with products always in the lead.

But in this sort of a race, although Capital might appear to be in the lead, yet they were constantly in great danger. Their danger lay in the fact that with the excess of the rise in the price of things, the purchasing power of the dollar decreased, and the result would be that when prices had doubled, the millionaire had really lost half a million, for the reason that the purchasing power of his million, was cut in two.

It will be seen, that if such a race as this continued, there would be a point reached when owing to the high cost of labor and products, the purchasing power of the dollar, would be practically wiped out; and therefore the millionaire, in money, would be reduced to a pauper.

Allow me to put this in another way. Were Capital compelled to go from door to door, in quest of labor to run their factories, as labor now goes from shop to shop to get work, the price of labor would go so high and the price of products would go so high, that all bonds, securities, and money, would reach a point that they would scarcely be worth the paper they were written on; and as Capital possesses these things in abun-

dance, and labor only possesses a small portion of these, the loss would accrue to Capital—not to labor.

It will, therefore, be seen that the perpetuation of Capitalism depended on having a generous measure of unemployment at all times. In other words, in order that Capitalism should remain in existence, thousands of men, women and children, had to be in a perpetual state of hunger. That, you will admit, was a very high price to pay for the luxury of Capital.

In order to avoid all these evils—co-operation, not competition, dominates our new system.

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And so I have given you a fairly complete outline of the new order—all brought about by these fifty men, with the generous and loyal co-operation of all the people.

Their last important work was to recommend some structural changes in our form of government.

These changes were for the purpose of making a democracy in fact as well as in name.

They proposed (subject to the will and the endorsement of the people) that the Constitution should no longer exist, that the Supreme Court and Senate be done away with and that only the House of Representatives and the President remain.

They recommended that the Representatives be elected for four years and the President for eight—the President to have no veto power, serving only as an executive officer.

As a check on Congress, if 5 per cent of the people of the country objected to any law that